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Marbles for Keeps

BEING THE STORY OF HOW "LITTLE SIR" LOST HIS FIRST MARBLES LIKE A GENTLEMAN AND A SPORTSMAN, IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT A SIX-YEAR-OLD MAN'S CODE OF HONOR IS AN UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERY TO THE BEST OF MOTHERS

By Victoria Munro

Illustrated by Katherine Southwick

JOHN is the third in order of five lusty boys belonging to my elder brother, Jack Bradford. Now, why John should have been marked by fate to be the buffer between the two teams, namely: Jerry and Bud, the two oldest, and Jim and Tom, the two youngest, is a thing that can only be understood by grave old ladies who wag their bonnets and aver that, perhaps, it is all for his good. At any rate, John has no running mate, being quite safely segregated from both teams by age.

John is six years old, firmly planted on his two feet, possessed of a man's voice and built for all time, very closely resembling pictures of Vulcan at his forge. Great tales are current in the family of his feats of strength, dating from the cradle. When he was taking his first steps, he had overturned a table of medium size, which still stands, monumental, in the upstairs hall, and gone calmly about his business of learning to walk by pushing the table before him. At the age of two, he had pushed carts, buggies and surreys out of the barn and placed them at intervals about the lawn and stable-yard.

But these feats of strength were not unanimously regarded with admiration by all the family; in fact, I found on arriving at my brother's home for a visit that the household was divided into two parts; those who were for John, and those who were not. His brothers were in a combine against him, being either actively aggressive or wholly indifferent. They involved him in frequent games of wrestling and "rough-house" wherein poor John, not knowing the strength of his bear-hugs, always sent a few of them off howling to their mother for redress of grievances where, let it be said, their wrongs were promptly and peremptorily righted, for my sister-in-law never handled any of them with gloves. She, also, having no understanding of John's manly nature, was pitted against him. Her attitude was very much like that of a hen who, having hatched a duckling, watches him disport himself about the pond, sometimes with astonishment, but often with disgust.

JOHN IS SIX YEARS OLD, FIRMLY PLANTED ON HIS TWO FEET, POSSESSED OF A MAN'S VOICE, AND BUILT FOR ALL TIME

On the other hand, John was his father's favorite and the "apple of the eye" to all the servants in the house. Susan, the colored nurse, loved him so much that it was all her soft southern duplicity could compass, to appear to care as much for any of the others. It was she who had dubbed him "Little Sir" in the days when his manly voice had first declared itself in baby crows, and since that time, the name, being apt, had been adopted by all the family. On his part, John loved every one on the place; he adored his mother and studied ways of pleasing her; he loved his father, his brothers, the servants and all the delivery men that came to the house; his heart like his large frame, was built on generous lines and greatly overstocked with kindly impulses.

John and I had been good friends, almost from the moment of my arrival, but I soon learned that, in order to hold his regard, I must treat him as an equal, seeing how seriously he felt his relation to the world and his dignity as a man; but it was not until I presented him with a linen marble bag, embellished by hand with a

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flaming red "John," that he became my knight-errant and sworn defender.

I gave him this one morning when his mother had gone to the city, thinking he could then enjoy his marbles without restraint all day, for his mother had a very righteous aversion to marbles in any form, and never encouraged even the eldest in playing with them. She was a Mothers' Club enthusiast and the Mothers' Club had put its seal of disapproval on "marbles for keeps." The fact is, she was so fearful of some temptation to that highly criminal practice, that she could scarcely tolerate marbles in the house at all, so that when John's grandmother at Christmas time had sent him two dozen beautiful ones,—assorted shooters, dull agates, and bowlers with sparkling fairy dreams inside, all studded with mysterious jewels and shot through with bubbling facets of light, his mother had refused to make him a bag for them, on the ground that he was too young to play marbles. Therefore, John was not what you would call a marble expert at the time of this story, for the very good reason that, when all the school boys were playing marbles at recess, his marbles were safe at home.

Accordingly, John was more than properly pleased with the marble bag; he chuckled and fairly wriggled with delight, for whatever success he may have had in concealing his injured feelings, certain it was, he could never hide his joy from the world. He simply overflowed with gratitude and generosity and went about all morning, performing acts of kindness for everyone and hunting odd jobs to relieve people. At one time, I saw him from the window, puffing and blowing in the wake of a large wheel-barrow which he was trundling for the gardener, his cheeks pouching like red apples and his side pocket bulging with marbles.

Several times the older boys tried to get him to "come on and play" a game of marbles, but John, knowing the incompetency of his little fat fingers, refused to do it; perhaps he also had a lurking fear of "marbles for keeps" for he did not swerve from his purpose.

When lunch time came, John was not to be found and, as I went out in the kitchen to inquire, I heard his labored breathing on the basement stairs, interspersed by heavy thuds. I opened the stair-door and there he was, puffing up the steps with a hod of coal, so heavy that he had to set it down in periods, to get his wind. Big Martha, over by the stove, was showing all her white teeth and reaching out a black arm for the coal. And "Little Sir"? Why, he was still transposing that marble bag into terms of endless joy and good will.

"Let me help you, John," I said, reaching down from the top of the steps to give him a lift.

"Naw," he answered, between puffs. "You can't."

"But why, John?" I insisted, still reaching for the handle.

"'Cause you're a lady, aren't you?" he asked laboriously, as he made the final effort and landed the huge thing with a thud on the floor.

I laughed. "Why do you ask that, young sir?"

"Well," he said, throwing back his broad shoulders and digging a hand into his sweaty curls, "you see, I got fooled on that once; I thought my Auntie Tot was one, 'cause you know, she wears long dresses and got married, but once I heard mother say she was only a kid."

"Well, John, I think, perhaps, I am only a kid, too,—a twenty year old kid, so let's lift this scuttle over to the stove together and then eat our lunch. What do you say?"

John ate like a farm-hand while Jerry and Bud, who had played all morning, ate scarcely anything but dessert. John's bulging pocket had a great attraction for them both. They wanted to see his marble bag again and they had forgotten just how some of his marbles looked. Did he or didn't he have a red agate bowler, and they didn't believe he had any shooters at all. John ate his long deliberate

I WATCHED HIM FOR A MOMENT, UNSEEN, HOPING TO GET SOME CLUE TO HIS GRIEF, FOR I KNEW IF THE MATTER COMPROMISED ANYONE, JOHN WOULD TELL NOTHING

dinner with few words of mouth and his marbles still in his pocket.

After lunch, I went upstairs for my nap and, afterwards, seeing that all was quiet, I concluded to write some letters. When I dressed and went to the yard, late in the afternoon, Susan was just returning from her walk with the small team; Bud and Jerry were sheepishly counting something under a tree and John was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is John ?" I asked with a sudden premonition.

"Went off down the road, I guess," was the answer of one of the boys.

I hurried down the path and on to the road, looking in both directions, but there was no boy in sight. I walked on down the road, remembering where we had picked trilliums the day before and thinking, perhaps, John would be there, gathering the flowers for me that I liked, and thereby expressing some more of the fervent thanks to the adorable world that gives friends and marble bags to little boys.

There was no boy. I walked through the thick tangles of trillium where the sunlight filtered through the lace-work of the sparse May leaves, making the same delicate tracery on my dress and the backs of my hands that had so delighted John, the day before. But was there not something besides the sprightly stillness of the May woods ? Following the direction of a sound, I heard distressing labored sobs like those of a strong man in anguish and saw, sitting down among the shoots of a little wooded copse, John the manly, whose morning joy had overflowed his generous heart and gone, spilling itself about the earth at random. His face was buried in his drawn-up knees, but every deep sigh of his fat little body forced them apart, exposing the swollen eyes where tears and dirty hands had done sad work. I watched him for a moment, unseen, hoping to get some clue to his grief, for I knew that if the matter compromised any one John would tell nothing. After a while he sat up listlessly, rubbed his eyes as if to clear his vision, and looked at something light spread over his black stocking. "Was it a wrap or blanket," I asked myself. But no, he was stroking it with infinite tenderness and sorrow. Ah ! Perhaps his little bunny was dead. As I moved a step in my anxiety, I cracked a branch which caused him to look up quickly, but not before I saw the limp and empty marble bag with its four gay letters, flattened pitifully across his legs. He whisked it into his pocket and scrambled to his feet, his eyes riveted on the ground.

"John," I said, in the impressive silence. "Little Sir, it was marbles for keeps, wasn't it ?"

"Well," he was sobbing, his hands in his pockets, and trying by repeated swallowings, to control his six years of unimpeachable manhood. "The kids said I was—"

"Was what, John ?" I asked eagerly.

JOHN CAREFULLY EMPTIED HIS MARBLES ON THE BED OF ONE OF THE SLEEPING ROGUES, AND COUNTED THEM OFF CAREFULLY, WITH INTERMITTENT SOBS, INTO THE YAWNING BAGS UNTIL THEY WERE ALL GONE

"Why, they thought I ought to play marbles i-if I was g-going to h-ave any."

I made no answer and, after a painful silence, he went on, "I didn't want-to be stingy and a c-coward, did I ?"

Ah! There was the cat out of the bag and gone. The brothers knew too well how to turn his nobility of heart to good account.

It was not for me to settle the little affairs of the children and I told John, with secret misgivings, to leave it all to Mother. After that, we trudged along in silence through the spring woods and down the road, I covertly watching his adorable baby nose and upper lip and the pitiful quiver of the lower one. I longed to take him in my arms and let him cry it out like any other six year old, but his manly dignity forbade.

When my sister-in-law appeared, tired from a day of shopping, she was vexed beyond description. She had a strong bustling Puritanical sense of right,—the kind that whips a child because he doesn't say his prayers. They had been gambling,—her children ! She lined them up in a hasty tribunal and would have taken every marble they had for all time if I had not besought her not to do it. As it was, she read them a sharp lecture on the criminal course of the gambler and the drunkard, redivided the marbles as they had been before, and sent them all to bed without their supper. The affair was settled and the boys were leaving the room.

"That's what comes of allowing John to have marbles," remarked my sister-in-law in conclusion, using her woman's prerogative of adding to a climax. "There's the whole trouble."

In some way, it had all worked out so that John felt the burden of the punishment. The two eldest went simpering to undress in the easy security of mutual sympathy; but John left the room alone by another door, his round eyes dilated with seriousness and deep injury written on his square back. One fat hand, again held that funny pouching bag of marbles, but, apparently, they had lost the power to transmit joy to his brain or he had turned philosopher at the age of six, and counted them all as vanity.

I ate scarcely anything that night for the thought of poor "Little Sir," upstairs alone with a heavy heart, and

undressing for bed, with his large crying capacity for food unappeased. After dinner, I went directly to my room which was next to John's; in fact, our beds flanked the same wall, so that each morning when I awoke, I tapped gently for a signal that he could come in for his morning story. Hearing no sound in his room, I stole in softly to his bed-side and found him looking at me with steady round eyes.

"Auntie Bun," he whispered, to me, "Mother didn't hear my prayer tonight. Will you hear it for me?"

Coming from John, this was very flattering and I sat down on his bedside that I might hear him better. But he extricated himself from the warm covers, (and it was a cold night, with the windows all wide open) knelt at my feet, plump on the cold bare floor that bordered the room, and before I could interpose, began his little "Jesus, tender Shepherd," without a shiver. This done, he gave me a perfunctory kiss on the cheek and crawled back into bed with as solemn a face as I ever saw.

"Don't go to sleep just yet, John, because I want to go downstairs and ask Mother if you mayn't have a wee bit of graham cracker (you know, you brought a box of them to my room the other day) and I'll bring you up a glass of milk. His honest eyes made me ashamed.

"No," he said, in a whisper, "I think I'll go to sleep now."

It was hard to leave him like that. I made another desperate effort to get nearer to him: "Aren't you glad you got your marbles back, John?" I asked the sad little face, rising like a wet moon from the covers.

He shook his head with finality and turned over on his side. I stooped and kissed him tenderly, and left the room. As I closed the door, I saw the mooted marble bag hanging on the foot of his bed, after the custom set by Bud and Jerry who hung their marbles on their bed-posts every night. John was spending his first night with this undisputed symbol of property and power, but he found no pleasure in it.

I went back to my room with a heavy heart, when I heard Bud and Jerry careering about their room in bare feet and having a high old time. On opening their door to quiet them, I was astonished to see they were just finishing a box of Uneeda biscuits which they had slipped up the back stairs from the butler's pantry. I went back to my room once more. "Ah me!" said I, to myself. "Spinsterhood has its compensations."

An hour later the boys became quiet, but I could hear John turning about in his bed, and then, the faint lifting of

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Practical Idealists

HOW ONE MAN WITH A DREAM AND A CARD INDEXFUL OF FACTS FOUNDED THE CANADIAN WELFARE LEAGUE AND WHAT IT OUGHT TO MEAN TO CANADIAN MEN, WOMEN AND MUNICIPALITIES

By Lillian Beynon Thomas

PRACTICAL idealism is a paradox, in the popular conception. To the man in the street, an idealist is a person with a windsor tie, a soul above money, and the need of a hair-cut. Pigs may possess ruffled shirts, geese quack answers to catechisms, but in his opinion an idealist never can, does, or will have any conception of practical things.

The growth of the profession of social service has knocked that notion into a cocked hat. The new idealist is more likely than not a keen-eyed, clean-shaven little man, intrenched behind an orderly desk, flanked with a severe card-index, and armed with facts and figures of the hardest variety. Dispute his theories, and he produces a bushel of sworn instances of their successful working out. Question his plans, and he deluges you with tabulations of five hundred similar typical cases. Controvert his statements, and he swamps you with statistics compiled from his card-index that begins with Anderson, Aal, and runs to Zywicki, Wladyslaw. He may start his organization with a shoestring, and have the half of a hope for a pillow at night, in the earlier years of its existence; but at no time in all his business life has he been anything but a trained practical man with an exact idea of precisely what he is working to do and how he intends to accomplish it.

Practical idealists, with the accent on the "practical" are what the members of the Canadian Welfare League call themselves, and although the movement that they have organized is based on a vision of a greater and better Canada, it is a thorough-going business concern. It was founded in September of last year, at the annual conference of the Canadian Association of Charities and Correction, held in Winnipeg—founded on the dream of one man.

How the Welfare League is working out the new statesmanship

If ever a poet's words came true, that "one man with a dream at pleasure shall go forth and conquer a town," they did with the founding of the Canadian Welfare League. One man's dream went forth and conquered the practical prairie city of Winnipeg—a dream that fired the imagination and inspired the co-operation of earnest Canadian citizens. Already, leading men and women in every province of Canada are on the League's council. Already they are reaching out to join eager hands with all who will help to fulfil one of the most statesmanlike endeavors that ever sprung from the brain of a patriotic people. Practical idealists, they are grappling with the problems now confronting Canadians, in both east and west, and offering themselves for service in the ranks of the new statesmanship.

It is no small task that the Canadian Welfare League has taken up, and to any man with less zeal that J. S. Woodsworth, the secretary and founder, it might well seem overwhelming. He is a trained social service worker, with years of experience among immigrants. In the process of his work, he has made discoveries and evolved ideas. Certain things, in his opinion, must be done at once, if the Canada of the future is even to approximate the Canada of which we Canadians dream.

Recently a prominent man said, "We are always talking about Canada's melting pot. But what I want to know is, when it is going to melt?"

And that is the question which Mr. Woodsworth asked himself when he travelled up and down the Dominion in the interests of the immigration work, and found each city, each district, each isolated community, struggling with its own problems, or drifting along and letting the problems solve—or remain unsolved — themselves. Towns, like the immortal Topsy, "just growed." Municipal activities were placed in the charge of untrained men, elected haphazard; sometimes honest and intelligent, sometimes not; sometimes broad-minded and progressive, sometimes uneducated, narrow and bigoted.

How our municipalities make a joke of themselves

The distances between town and town are great. Practically every city and every district has had to begin at the bottom to work out its problems, without benefitting by the experience of other districts or cities that have solved partially or wholly the particular problems under which it labors.

Looking at the situation with a dispassionate eye, it is ridiculous. Imagine a business man starting to organize his private business in such a way—for instance, a prospective lumberman going into the lumber business without any knowledge of the different woods. Imagine him selecting a blacksmith for his foreman, a plumber for his book-keeper, an interior decorator for his engineer and a butcher for his yard-boss. Furthermore, imagine him paying them a nominal salary, and expecting them to earn their own living at their own vocations, incidentally doing his work in occasional off-times and evenings. Yet that is an absolutely fair parallel of the way thousands of municipalities are officered. Suppose, further, that if his business survived a year's operation under such conditions, at the end of the twelve-month he fired the whole kit and caboodle of employees and took on another set, equally ignorant of the basic principles of lumbering. Yet once a year, the officers of municipalities are returned to private life and a new set elected—some of the experienced officers perhaps being re-elected, but a number of new men assuredly coming in, to learn their job by making mistakes at it. It would be laughable, if it were not so pathetic.

Now the science of community building has developed in recent years to an almost mathematical accuracy. The laws governing it are known and have been applied successfully to new communities and old ones that needed remodelling. The mistakes of hundreds of years have been noted and redeemed. There is no reason for any town starting wrong—except ignorance. And that ignorance is what the Canadian Welfare League has been organized to overcome. "The welfare of each is the concern of all," say the practical idealists who compose it. "Canada's development depends on each individual district, village, town and city, and we cannot afford to let any one of them fall behind."

To create a sort of college of community building, is the purpose of the Canadian Welfare League. At their headquarters (Room 10, Industrial Bureau, Winnipeg) they are establishing a centre for all sorts of municipal welfare information,—perhaps, rather than a college, one should call it a correspondence school.

Does a city wish to frame the best laws regarding building restriction? It may apply to the League, and find out exactly what other cities have done, and what has been found most successful.

Does a city wish to take up seriously the problem of better housing?—to excise a slum quarter in its heart, or improve the living conditions of its workingmen? It may secure from the League full information as to what Toronto, New York, Bristol or Paris have already accomplished.

Basing philanthropy on justice instead of charity

Has a city a foreign section where eighteen Bulgarians may sleep in one room with every window tight-closed, and an atmosphere that one could stir with a spoon—or where the infant mortality rate in August is 55%—or where the visiting nurse reports tuberculosis in every fifth family in a certain block? Churches and benevolent societies are pecking at these problems with a certain amount of result, but it is really the city's place to handle them. To quote from Mr. Woodsworth's booklet:

"In almost every city, charitable institutions are multiplying. Unorganized, they are wasteful and usually inefficient. Further, they often do little or nothing to discover the *causes of the evils*, many of which are really preventable. Many cities have been able to organize their philanthropy on a business basis. Some are initiating movements which are substituting justice for charity. This is not mere sentiment. It is common sense. Practical idealism, if you will. We can tell you along what lines other cities are working."

There you are again—practical idealism. Justice, not charity. The square deal owed by a municipality to its citizens. Philanthropy made to pay.

Again, take the matter of municipal sanitation and pure water supply. The city of Chicago spent fifty years and many millions of dollars in making mistakes on this subject. It was not until 1892 that it really started to dig its sanitary canal, and in the previous year it had the highest typhoid death rate of any city in the world—173.8 per 100,000 population.

Saving the lives of over 7,000 citizens in nine years

Plenty of good citizens couldn't see any use in the sanitary canal. They had always dumped their sewage in the lake, and always got their drinking water from the same place. What was good enough for their fathers, was good enough for them, and typhoid was a visitation of God.

However, the drills and pumps and shovels went on working, and the typhoid death-rate went on flourishing. For the nine years before the canal was thrown open, the average was 64.1 per 100,000 population. Acute intestinal diseases also did a thrifty business for the undertakers. Both result from impure water supply.

Nine years after the sanitary canal was opened, the average typhoid death rate for 1900-1908 had dropped to 23.5 per 100,000 of population. In other words, if Chicago people had kept on getting typhoid and dying from it at the rate that existed during the nine pre-channel years, the city would have lost 11,148 victims, or 7,127 more than those it actually lost in the period.

Think what might have been saved to the city if it could have profited by the experience of other cities fifty years—or thirty, or twenty years—earlier. In 1900, its death rate was 60% less than it was in 1870.

There are plenty of municipalities in Canada which to-day know no more how to handle scientifically the problems of sanitation and water supply than Chicago did in 1892. How much would it help them to be able to secure from the Canadian Welfare League full information as to what Chicago, or Toronto, or New York have worked out, at an expense of thousands of dollars and thousands of lives? Humanity's mistakes too often are charged to God.

Perhaps it may seem rather unflattering to say that our population does not know how to live in cities. Nevertheless, it is quite true. Our people to-day are moving from the country to the city. Many are writing and speaking with dread and fear of the results that will come from this migration, but while they are writing and protesting, the population is steadily changing from an agricultural to an urban community. The unfortunate thing is

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Seth Snow's First Sermon

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

Illustrated by
F. L. Stoddard

"SETH HE WILL RING THAT OLD CRACKED BELL EVERY SUNDAY, AND GET HIMSELF UP READY TO PREACH . . . IT'S BERN 'MOST TWENTY YEARS . . . HE'S AN OLD MAN NOW"

IT was blisteringly hot in Snow Hill. The beetling elevation from which the little village had its name sheltered it from any cooling breeze which might blow from the east and the sea, and when the afternoon sun blazed from the west, the heat-waves were echoed back from the broad bosom of Snow Hill. Two men who sat on the bench in front of Dyce's grocery store were discussing it.

"Yes," said one, Sam Dyce, the store-keeper, "that damned hill that they say holds the snow longer than any mountain in these parts in the spring, makes this whole place hotter than tophet, summers."

Sam was in his shirt-sleeves, and his suspenders, which his daughter Daisy had embroidered with rosebuds, were in evidence. He had removed his collar, and his long stringy throat showed. Sam was Yankee from 'way back. He was Yankee from head to toe, and that meant a goodly length of Yankee, for he was over six feet tall. He kept his country store in the fear of the Lord and the determination of profit.

He was constant in attendance at the church in Snow Center, three miles away. He was a deacon, and superintendent of the Sunday school. He was well-to-do. He had remodeled the old Dyce homestead. It had bay windows, a double colonial piazza, and a front yard designed by a landscape gardener. His wife kept two maids, and every spring she and her daughter went on an excursion.

The daughter, Daisy, had been away to school, and her father had bought an electric victoria for her. She was a pretty girl, very sweet-tempered, and not in the least above her father and his store. Some Saturday nights when there was a rush of customers, she came over and helped at the dry goods counter. It was there the other man had first seen her. He had been motoring; his car had broken down and he had stepped into the store in search of a supper of bread and cheese. Sam had sent him to his remodeled mansion where he had feasted, and finally, as the car was still balky, remained over night, quarters being provided for his chauffeur. The car was installed in the barn at the risk of losing insurance.

Sam was hospitable, although a Yankee, and this stranger was not a customer, and of no earthly financial use to him. Sam had not once thought of his pretty daughter, but her mother had, and Daisy had worn her pink and white dress at breakfast next morning.

The stranger came again. He was an odd, incidental sort of man, not very young, seemingly rather aimless, or uncertain concerning his aims. Daisy had fallen in love with him but nobody knew whether he had fallen in love with Daisy or not. Sam, prodded by his wife, had found out what little there was to know about him.

His name was Weston, Lee Weston. He was a bachelor and his reputation was exceedingly good. He was much sought by society people, but hung aloof in the lazy, courteous fashion which he had inherited from a Southern grandmother who had been a Lee. He lived alone with servants and an old housekeeper, and his house was said to be a museum of art.

That Sam Dyce regarded as distinctly not in his favor. Sam scorned art in spite of his rosebud suspenders. He did not in reality care for them, but Daisy had worked them, they were her first embroidery, and Sam did care for his Daisy. He liked the other man well enough. He would have preferred Daisy to marry a man of Snow Hill or Snow Center, but Lee Weston, regarded as a possible son-in-law, did not overawe Sam Dyce. A prince of the blood could not have done that. He scarcely saw Weston's immaculate summer attire and the determined crease of his trousers, and was perfectly unconscious of his own shirt-sleeves.

All that troubled him was the fact that Weston had come and come, and put up his touring car in his barn, and as yet his intentions regarding Daisy were doubtful. Now another man wanted her, and Daisy was urged by her mother that a bird in the hand—Sam's wife was so set of mind that affairs at home were becoming strenuous, and poor Daisy was unhappy.

Now Sam was very uncertain whether Weston would be well received by his wife, since the other man had come to board for the summer next door, at Mrs. Eliza Angel's, and was courting Daisy assiduously and had acquired favor in the eyes of her mother. He was much younger than Weston, and very handsome, and the covert air of high breeding which Sam's wife's acute feminine eye had discerned in Weston was not evident in the newcomer.

"He don't put on airs," she said of

Weston, "but he's got them, and I don't like to feel that my own daughter is marrying a man that knows he's above her pa and ma, even if you want her to."

"Weston don't act a mite stuck up," Sam had retorted.

"He's up so high he don't need to act," said the woman. "The other one is just as good, and well brought up, but he's on the same rung of the ladder as we are."

"Well, they'll have to settle it," said Sam.

In the lower depths of his mind he was revolving the matter as he and Weston sat on the bench. The silent car stood glittering painfully in the road, brilliant with scorching dust. The chauffeur was in the store, sound asleep in a chair. Daisy and her mother had gone to Snow Center visiting, in the little electric victoria, and Sam was entertaining.

"Arabella always leaves the key under the front door mat, and you can go to the house and wash and make yourself to home, if you want to," he had said. "The hired girls ain't there. One has her afternoon off—blamed foolishness, paid seventeen dollars a month—and the other has gone berrying."

But Weston had seated himself on the bench, under the shadow of the store, where it was somewhat cooler than in the road, and Sam had remained beside him. He had not risen when the car had stopped. Sam and his forbears received sitting if they chose, otherwise not; but always it was a matter of their own choice.

Possibly that attitude of Sam's attracted Weston, as well as the innocent charm of his daughter. He looked approvingly at Daisy's father, long and sinewy and yellow and shrewd, and redolent of his staples in trade. He had said to himself long before that the girl and her father were of the true blue blood that recognizes no necessity of asserting it.

The mother was of less degree in Weston's eyes. In fact, she was unconsciously, even to him, the slight barrier which delayed his decision, leisurely in any case. She had been very kind to Weston, and he liked her, but the fact that she placed him on a higher rung of the ladder was so evident that it annoyed him, while he did not fairly know it. Weston's reasons for delay were very subtle, and he was not fond of unraveling the subtle, and the summer had been a very hot one, not conducive to strenuous mental process. He had just remarked inanely but inevitably upon the heat, and Sam had rejoined with his statement concerning the hill. Weston eyed it lazily. It reared itself precipitously before them—rather a magnificent hill, almost a mountain, a great rise of land covered with green almost to the summit, where a bare expanse of rock shone out like a great jewel.

"It's a beautiful hill," commented Weston, "but I should think it might cut off the wind down the valley between the ranges a good deal."

"That's jest the way of it," agreed Sam. "What's more, it reflects the sun right down on the village same as a canvas lean-to reflects the heat of a camp-fire."

"I cannot understand," remarked Weston indolently, "why in the name of common sense, since it was obviously impossible to move the hill, the people, the original settlers, could not have founded the village somewhere else."

"That's as plain as the nose on your face," said Sam. "The Snows owned the land, and when the Snows owned anything they wanted to sell, they sold it. If they hadn't owned anything but that ledge of stone on the top of the hill, they would have sold that. The Snows were the greatest family to make a trade in these parts. Some of it I've seen myself, and some I used to hear about from my father and grandfather. The Snows were as smart as whips comin' right down through the generations, till they wound up in Seth."

Weston nodded. He had not paid much attention. He was thinking regretfully that since Daisy and her mother were away, he supposed before long he might as well go himself. Straws were turning him at this point of his life, and not much wonder, since the point was unprecedented with him. Weston had never thought seriously of any woman until he had seen that young country girl, with her innocence, and ignorance which was not stupidity, simply the lack of knowledge of the unexperienced. Her beauty also attracted him, although not in as large a sense as her character, which seemed to him of such absolute clarity that it revealed her own future self after the passing of years as a being even more desirable than now.

While Daisy was pretty, even beautiful, her beauty was of a small, clear, almost severe type, which could easily be passed unnoticed. Regular, clean-cut features, a straight gaze from dark blue eyes, little color; and thick neutral hair brushed back smoothly from full brows, and a habit of silence, did not tend to make her conspicuous. Daisy was called scarcely pretty at all in her native village of Snow Hill. She was admired, however, because she was Sam Dyce's daughter, had been away to school, had her clothes made by the most expensive dressmaker in Snow Center, and lived in the handsomest and largest house in the village.

"SETH TOLD US WE WERE COMMITTING THE UNPARDONABLE SIN FOR LETTING DAISY GO TO SLEEP IN MEETING

When Guy Bird had come to board at Mrs. Eliza Angel's for the evident purpose of courting Daisy, there had been much covert jealousy and nearly every young man had gone to Snow Center, had his trousers creased and fitted himself out with shirts and neckties like the newcomer's. However, Daisy herself seemed to care little for the young man next door, but her mother did, and that was considered more than an equivalent.

"Arabella Dyce never yet got her mind set on doing anything but she brought it to pass," it was said, "and that girl will marry that man her ma has picked out for her, whether she wants him or not."

Sam Dyce, who knew his daughter, was not so sure. He was sorry that his women folk were away now, for he saw the shadow of a flitting in the young man's eyes. Sam began to wonder if he could not manage to hold him, but he was no diplomat. While he was considering, Weston himself furnished the key to the situation.

"Whose house is that on the Langham road, with a steeple and long windows like a church?" he inquired. "I notice it every time I come, and have always meant to ask about it, then have forgotten. It looks like a church, but it can't be, for there was a man smoking out in front, and there were white shades at the windows, and there was a woman sewing beside one of them."

"That," replied Sam, "is Seth Snow's house. Ever hear about Seth?"

"No," stated the other, with only a faint show of interest. It was very warm even in the lee of the store. The odor of the stock in trade was somewhat irritating. There stood his car and a swift rush over the country would be more agreeable, and he might return some day if so disposed. The image of poor Daisy seemed to waver indistinctly, as if through waves of heat. But Sam Dyce continued, and his nasal drawl soon awakened attention.

"Mebbe," said Sam, "if you haven't heard of Seth Snow, you'd like to. Seth, he's the last of the family. He got married when he was young, and his wife died. She was a queer sort anyway, and sometimes I've wondered if her queerness wasn't sort of catching, for Seth, he never seemed any queerer than other folks when he was a young man, except, of course, he was mighty sharp on the dollars and cents and making a good bargain, like all the Snows. Seth, he'd had a college education, but he settled down to farming and made considerable, had enough income to live on anyway. He'd heired that from his father, and he wouldn't spend a mite of it.

"But when his Aunt Lois Snow, that had never got married, died and left him all she had, then he begun to let up on farming, and he got religion, too, in the big revival they had down at Snow Center, and he wasn't very well, and old Dr. Riggs, who always looked on the dark side, and had his patients just ready to die, told him he hadn't got six months to live, and Seth, he looked round and thought it was high time he begun to hustle and get in some good works. So he thought he had a call to preach. Of course, he

"DAISY NEVER WAS A MILK-AND-WATER GIRL, AND NEVER WILL BE"

hadn't been to a regular minister's school but he calculated he might set up as a sort of outside minister, and he made his house over into a meetinghouse.

"He drove a mighty sharp bargain with the carpenters and the men that sold him the timber, but he had them long winders put in, and the ceiling of the first story taken down, and posts driven in to hold up the roof and that steeple built. Then he begun to look round for pews and a pulpit. Although Seth was real earnest about it, nobody ever questioned that, he couldn't quite get over what was bred in his bone. He couldn't make up his mind to go and have brand-new pews and a new pulpit made for that meetinghouse. It seemed to him he might dicker for them some way. But, of course, pews and pulpits ain't to be bought off-hand at a bargain like women's dresses and hats, and Seth was sort of discouraged for a while, I reckon.

"He lived along in the rooms he'd kept for himself and his housekeeper back of the meetinghouse proper, and kept a look-out for nice second-hand pews and pulpits for pretty near a year. Then, all of a sudden, luck came his way. The First Presbyterian Church at South Atway had a lot of money left it, and the women got up a fair to help out, and they had the whole church fixed up fine. They had new carpets, and pews and electric lights, and memorial winders and a new pulpit.

"Well, Seth, he just hitched up and drove over to South Atway, and next thing we knew wagons begun to come loaded up with pews, and the pulpit setting on top. Seth bought the carpets and the bracket lamps, too.

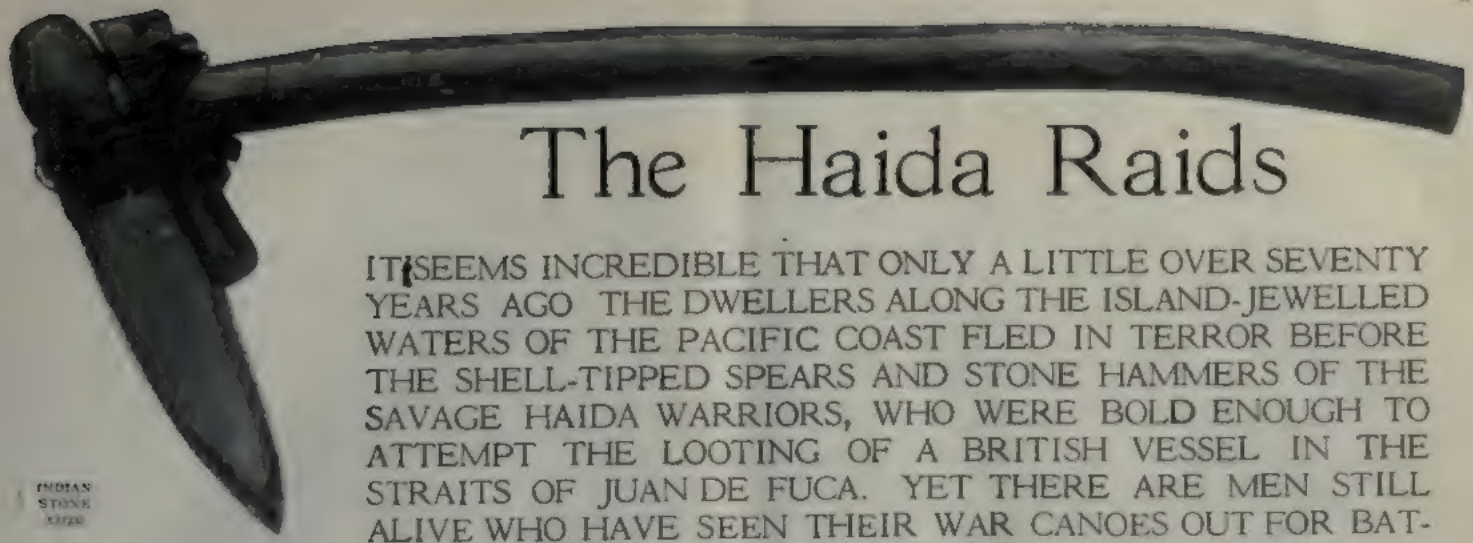
"Well, my wife and the other women got interested, and they said it was a shame that a man should try so hard to have the gospel in Snow Hill, and save folks from going in all weathers way down to Snow Center, and not have anybody help, let alone showing a mite of interest. So they got together and made the men help, and we got the carpet down and the pews set up and the pulpit in place. That was quite a job too, for it was a real old-fashioned pulpit, with stairs up one side. We were mortal afraid it wouldn't be fastened strong and might topple over and poor Seth be killed while he was preaching. But we got it up in good shape finally, and the bracket lamps and everything, and the Sunday was set for the first meeting.

"Seth had a notice printed and pasted up on the meetinghouse door. We made a good deal more fuss about that meeting here than we had ever done about any meeting in Snow Center. Of course, that church of Seth Snow's wouldn't be a real regular church, admitted to conferences and such things, I supposed; but after all, I couldn't see if a good Christian man had a call to preach, and was willing to furnish his own meetinghouse and pews, even if he did get them at a bargain, and it would save folks from going a good way in bad weather, why it wasn't all right, but I calculated I'd wait and hear how Seth preached.

"Well, I did. It was a beautiful Sunday in May. It was the great apple year, and I never saw before nor since so many blooms as there were. The orchards and door-yards were all pink and white, and the air was so sweet it seemed like singing. Everybody in Snow Hill went to meeting to Seth Snow's church, and 'most all the women had new bonnets and a lot had new dresses. My wife had a new one trimmed with jet beads and she had pink roses in her bonnet, and she looked handsome, if I do say it.

"Daisy was nothing but a little tot

Continued on page 218.



INDIAN STONE AXE

The Haida Raids

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT ONLY A LITTLE OVER SEVENTY YEARS AGO THE DWELLERS ALONG THE ISLAND-JEWELLED WATERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST FLED IN TERROR BEFORE THE SHELL-TIPPED SPEARS AND STONE HAMMERS OF THE SAVAGE HAIDA WARRIORS, WHO WERE BOLD ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT THE LOOTING OF A BRITISH VESSEL IN THE STRAITS OF JUAN DE FUCA. YET THERE ARE MEN STILL ALIVE WHO HAVE SEEN THEIR WAR CANOES OUT FOR BATTLE. THIS IS THE STORY OF THEIR LAST RAID

By Bonnycastle Dale

Illustrated with Photographs

WE were travelling along the shores of the Gulf of Georgia. Great Douglas firs, from two to three hundred feet in height, made the huge silent woods dusky as nightfall. Suddenly, through a rift in the mighty forest, shot a gleam of gold and right before us lay a sheltered harbour shimmering in the light. It lay as silent as the sombre woodland scene about us—silent as in the day when the first storm driven native of the distant shores of Asia sought refuge here and laid the foundation of the far spreading race we speak of as the Coast Indians. Right at our feet, its bleached shells bright in the summer sun, was a kitchen midden of the native tribes,—a beach bank formed of the remains of the tribes' shellfish feasts of a thousand years.

On such a summer day in the year 1840 this beach before us was crowded with the high prowed canoes of the Kwakiutls, descendants of the storm driven Orientals whose arrival is shrouded in the mists of time. Some serious business urges on these squat fishing tribes. Many a clacking old klootchman points vigorously at the distant bay head.

Look closely at this milling throng of warriors. Half a century before this, Perez and Qudra found them peaceable fishing Indians. Captain Cook in 1778 found them quiet and shy—why then are they rushing hither and thither armed for the fray? The Haidas are sweeping south on a foray—cause enough for these peaceable fishing tribes to scurry and run—or to decoy and fight—which? The few white inhabitants of this coast, huddled about the Hudson's Bay Fort of Camusan, likewise dreaded the warlike Haidas for but a month before, while these very Kwakiutls were holding a potlatch, or gift feast, the huge warriors of the northern Haidas had descended like an avalanche and swept all the coast tribes before them, even daring to attempt the piratical act of boarding and looting a British vessel in the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

The writer has often spoken with an old Scotchman who saw the long war canoes, crowded with shouting, gesticulating savages, naked save for the skin belts with slats inserted, tattooed with pictures of salmon, whale and bear, thunder bird and killer. Some had their pierced noses inset with copper or bone or haliotis shell ornaments. Some had whale teeth inset in the ear lobes. Their hair was daubed with bright pigments and some had the fleecy down of the eagle powdered over their bodies.

At close range, as my informant saw them; they were hideous and horrible. Necklaces of shell rattled as they moved. Huge metal armlets clinked as they paddled—some of these were of native silver, curiously graven. In the mighty war canoe, a cedar log sixty feet long, deftly shaped by fire and tool, were the otter and seal cloaks of the warriors. The old men that held the steering paddle wore their cloaks, cloaks that to-day would excite admiration in any fur mart in the world. Over their knees were the wonderful blankets of mountain goat, thread, and bark of the cedar.

In the centre of each canoe were the fruits of the battle. Gory piles of skulls; wooden helmets, carved after the head of a wolf or bear; wooden armour, woven wood and rod combined into one flexible mass; great round shields for body armour; skin coats to wear below it; tubs filled with the grisly arms of the octopus; heaps of sea urchins, cockles and clams; a pile of hideous war masks to wear when they danced about their conquered victims; decaying bodies of wild geese caught

AN INDIAN BOY WEARING THE CARVED WOODEN MASK OR HELMET OF THE HAIDAS

when moulting; dried fish, salmon roe and birds' eggs. These tall warriors are not of Asiatic origin, as are the Kwakiutls gathered on the beach. These mighty men come of the same stock as the big Maoris of New Zealand, and the myriad inhabitants of the islands of the south Pacific. They have the same customs, totems, house buildings, laws, dress, and are armed with steel knives, stone hammers, clubs, bows and war spears.

The marauders had left what we now call Queen Charlotte Island. They had crossed the angry sound of the same name, secure in their great canoes. If by chance one upset, the swimming warriors would swarm back into it and "paddle-splash" the water out in quick time. They sleep in these craft upon the ocean far out of sight of land.

ONE OF THE KWAKIUTLS, A PEACEFUL RACE OF FISHERMEN, DESCENDANTS FROM ADVENTURING ORIENTAL SEA-FARERS BLOWN ACROSS THE PACIFIC IN SOME PREHISTORIC AGE

Southward they had swept, gobbling up, like some fabled monster, house and village, canoe and fisherman, babe and klootchman, but ever through the mighty forest beside them stole the survivors, southbound too, fearful but vengeful. Through the boiling tidal passes, sleeping on barrier reefs to be secure from surprise, the puzzled Haidas swept southward. Year after year they had ravaged this coast until the more peaceful natives dreaded them more than death. In many a place only deserted summer villages, the "illahie" or fishing village of the coast tribes, met their gaze. Where were all these usual victims of their forays? Creeping southward too, but far back in the valleys and on the shore hills of the coast, an avenging host bent on decoying the dreaded Haidas into one carefully selected bay.

Here on the shores of that bay waited the men of the Kwakiutls. All the women and children, all the old men and treasured pets and household possessions, were even now speeding up the river to land their canoes and hasten to shelter in the mighty hills behind. All the men now stood silently awaiting the last runner from the hilltop. Soon an almost naked figure darted out on the trail and leaped down to the shore. There was much excited running hither and thither. Then they all silently entered their canoes and paddled swiftly across the bay towards an inner harbour divided from the big one they were crossing by a sand spit that lay almost bare at low tide. Further in, it narrowed until high red syenite walls made up a narrow pass. All seemed timed to the hour. The tide was falling. The Haidas were even now entering the outer bay. The Kwakiutls were just passing in behind the sand spit, so that their last apparently desperately paddling crews were perfectly displayed on the calm water near the spit.

But Indian guile met Indian guile and the Haidas were only five canoes strong—where were the other five that had crossed the mighty seas of Queen Charlotte Sound? They were silently paddling down the outer coast, intent on surprising some other summer village, despising the one they were passing so much that they had divided their forces.

No sooner did the entering Haidas see the enemies' canoes vanishing around the spit than they sent up a fearful yell of victory, then swiftly and silently they sped across that inlet, the tall prows casting aside the waters of the outgoing tide in splashing curving waves.

"Run out, good tide—run out!"—prayed the Kwakiutls who had landed in a creek cove, around the sand spit. Now they crept slowly through the shore cedars towards their dreaded enemies. What are those dark forms creeping among the cedars on the other side opposite the spit? They are the silent host that crept southward through the mighty fir forests.

On swept the marauders, each pointed paddle splashing up the green water. In their haste for slaughter they were now strung out one behind the other, for was not the crew of any one canoe—twenty picked men of the most powerful tribe on the whole Pacific Coast—equal to a whole village of scurrying fishing Indians? Ahead, the spit narrowed the passage to an hundred yards. The panting warriors could now see into the inner bay.

"Ho!" they yelled, as they saw the discarded fleet of canoes far up on the tide-left shellbank. Ahead shot the swiftest canoe—on—on—on— over the swiftly flowing tide that was rushing out over the centre of the spit—crunch-crunch! the leading canoe struck bottom and out the warriors leaped to try to drag it up into the deep water some hundred feet ahead. With mighty splashing and rattling of discarded paddles the four following canoes plunged on to the flats and stuck.

But what are those strange, swiftly darting black lines that look like speeding insects in flight? Why are the mighty Haidas slipping and tossing in the shallow water? NOW—from out of the dense cedars on either shore dart a host of brown figures, ten for every one of those who struggle about the canoes. Flight after flight of arrows centre in the Haidas. They make a swift rush for their weapons—too late, the spearmen are upon them, a perfect forest of shell-tipped bone-tipped, even some iron-tipped spears rush through the shallows. Now come the little Kwakiutl men with their rude bone and stone-tipped and wooden clubs. In between them rush the young men with short spearlike daggers—and the warriors of the Haidas have gone where they had sent so many of these peaceful fishing Indians—into the great unknown.

But the fight for their fishing grounds and villages, their women and children, is not ended. The five canoes that swept southward will encamp that night on one of the outer islands of the

Gulf. To-morrow they will hasten back to see what keeps the rear flotilla. Again a full knowledge of tide and pass and current helps the Kwakiutls. They know of another narrow pass, in swift water, up which the enemy must return. For this reason they fought desperately so that not a single living Haida crept out of the shallows to carry word of defeat to the other warriors in the five foremost canoes—now vainly seeking for an inhabited summer village to raid.

So into the enemies' canoes they clamber. Off others dart for their own craft. Soon a mighty fleet of war canoes sweep out of the bay and enter the Gulf of Georgia. Night falls as they urge their shapely craft southward, meeting runner after runner along the outer coast. Some three hours' canoe journey ahead lay the tidal flats of a mountain-born river, huge sea meadows of mud and grass and shells of dead crustacea. Here nothing larger than a raccoon could cross unnoticed. Here the dim forms of the great canoes swung all the night long.

Just before dawn a panting swimmer returned to tell them that the woods on both sides of the pass were clear. No enemy lurked therein. So with soft strokes the dark flotilla passed on and landed outside the pass. Half of the canoes crossed and were beached outside on the opposite or eastern side. Soon both of the dusky armies had crept through the undergrowth and were ensconced in the ferns and shrubbery that covered the sloping banks of the pass on either side. So close was the pass, so narrow the passage, that the rattle of a bow, the clatter of a falling arrow could be plainly heard on either side. No fear of the Haidas yet. No canoe could breast the outgoing tide.

MODEL OF A NATIVE HOUSE, BUILT AFTER THE FASHION OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA COAST TRIBES WITH THE TOTEM BESIDE THE TINY DOOR

UNDER THE ROOT OF A GIANT FIR WAS FOUND THIS SKULL, RELIC OF SOME LONG-AGO TRAGEDY. IT IS ESTIMATED TO BE 1,000 YEARS OLD

Soon the tiny whirlpools and ripples of the southbound "long run out" ceased. For a few moments only was the water undisturbed—then the "short run in" began.

The pass lay in complete silence, the moment of rest before old Dame Nature unseals another day. Now a dim light spreads through the narrow cleft in the rocks.

It was but vester afternoon that the five big war canoes darted down here with favoring current. No enemy met the eyes of the warriors then. By all appearances no enemy now. Soon a low murmur is heard above the rippling tide. The northward returning Haidas, confident after years of raids, are singing an old folk song as they steer their big highprowed craft down the centre of the current. Plaintive and sweet sounded the low gutturals of the warriors, "Ho-ly—yah . . . ho-ly—yah hoh-hoh-hoh-"

As said the ancient naturalist, "The swan goeth singing to her death," even so these grim warriors sang unwittingly their death chant, for clear in the now rapidly brightening pass, in the centre of the current, in water so swift that a landing was impossible, a turn meant an upset, they swept along.

As rises a great herd of caribou to the stampede, as when the myriad dark seafowl on ledge above ledge in the breeding grounds rise up, so rose the Kwakiutl hosts on either side of that fatal pass. Every bush and fern on all that thousand feet of sloping bank gave place to a leaping brown figure some dark in the shadows, some copper in the sun's rays. With one impulse the host raised their bows and a flight of arrows thick as locusts in plague sped towards the doomed Haidas. The regular banks of cedar paddles gave place to drooping figures. In one canoe, the one that led this fearful "run the gauntlet," the old steersman, with dying grasp, pulled his craft partly towards the bank. Instantly all of the canoes swept on abreast—a living, throbbing target at fifty feet. Amid a hail of arrows the flotilla swept out of the pass. The few survivors, arrow riddled and bleeding, clambered into one canoe and made off erratically over the smooth water. Soon a plunging fleet of canoes darted off the banks and flew along in pursuit—a crash, a swiftly rushing impact, a few stabbing blows with the keen-edged shell-tipped spears and the last of the great Haidas of that long remembered raid had fallen before his despised enemy the squat and stolid Kwakiutl.

In The Eyes of The Law

BEING ALSO THE STORY OF THE LIGHT THAT LIES IN WOMEN'S EYES — AND LIES, AND LIES, AND LIES

By Grace Hudson Rowe

Illustrated by Vatier L. Barnes

DONATI SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS. "YOU ARE NOT SUSCEPTIBLE, I SEE," HE SMILED

"IT is perfect," I cried, as I looked at the lovely statue just completed by my friend Rinaldo Donati, one of the great modern sculptors of Rome. "What do you mean to call her?"

"She has been named already, and in rather a rapturous fashion," he answered. "Last week there came a party of Canadians, and among them—such a vision. What eyes! What a skin! She was attended by a big, fussy man, and an elderly woman she called 'aunt.' When I showed her this, she wished to buy it; but I told her it was already sold. 'What exquisite taste. I could adore a man like that,' was the somewhat surprising answer. The grim aunt gave vent to a shocked 'Ethel, how can you!' She frisked around the studio like a fuzzy little kitten and then came back with the question, had I named the statue, and if not I must call it 'La Belle Jardiniere,' Ah! I shall not forget her face—never!"

"Nonsense," I cried skeptically. "I'll bet she wasn't in the same class with a girl I saw last week. She was just ahead of me in the Sistine chapel, and was overcome by the heat. I was close enough to be of service. What more romantic beginning could you wish than that? Yet I don't rave."

Donati shrugged his shoulders.

"You are not susceptible, I see."

"Perhaps not," I replied, laughing. "At any rate, I ran away from Canada to escape a woman. There was a troublesome law suit and a pretty widow—they were too much for me—for my relations wanted me to marry the widow."

"Was she wealthy?" asked Donati.

"Yes, and no," said I, unable to help laughing at his view of the case. "I'll tell you the story. Some years ago, just previous to the death of my father, an eccentric old uncle died, leaving me sole heir to a really large fortune. Knowing this, my father altered his will and bequeathed most of his property to my three sisters, leaving me a legacy of a thousand or two a year. I was perfectly satisfied at the arrangement, for my uncle's estate was worth eighty thousand a year. Some months after my father's death, I received a letter from a legal firm in Montreal, stating that a codicil had recently been found to my uncle's will, in which he changed the entire disposition of his fortune and left it to a niece of his wife's. I consulted my lawyer. He said that the codicil bore evidence of being genuine, but might not be. The chief point in my favor was that I had had possession of the estate, undisturbed, for years. There is an old servant mixed up in it—but the story is long enough without going into that part.

"Finally, I decided to throw the case into court, not being disposed to give up my fortune to an unknown person who, moreover, had a comfortable allowance left her by her own husband, and had no blooming business to be hankering after mine. The case dragged on, with one delay and another, for eighteen months. Then my eldest sister, Mrs. Stevens, became possessed of the idea that she had discovered a way to settle it."

"How so?" asked Donati.

"Well," I answered, "Cora proposed that I lay siege to the warlike and avaricious widow, with an ultimate view of marrying her!"

"And why not?" said Donati surprised.

"That's enough," retorted I, irritably. "You Italians pretend to die for love, and yet always marry for money. But I, at least, won't barter my liberty for a fortune. To do you justice, however," said I, cooling down, "Cora took exactly your view of it. She said Mrs. Martindale—that's the widow—was just the woman who needed a protector, and ended up her harangue by telling me she had invited my antagonist to visit her, in the hope that something might come of it. I was in a towering rage, and when I found my young unmarried sister favored the scheme, well—I simply got out. So it happened that the week the widow was expected I was on my way to Europe."

"And how about the law-suit?"

"Oh! that's still dragging on. By last accounts, our side was looking up But, whether I win, or lose, the widow may wear the willow as far as I am concerned."

"Your sisters are of the wisest," was the dry reply of Donati. Then he turned the conversation by asking me to go for a walk on the Campagna.

It was now carnival time. The second day of the races, I had left my carriage to join a friend, and was standing among the dense crowd on the Corso, when a very clear voice behind me said, quietly:

"I beg your pardon, are you not a Canadian?"

I looked around. There stood a beautifully gowned woman. But I only noticed the laughing eyes at first.

"Guilty," I responded, "What can I do for you, madam?"

"I have been separated from my party in the crowd, as we were going to our carriage, and I speak such abominable Italian, and—and—I thought you looked like a countryman. Anyone but a Canadian gentleman," with the slightest possible emphasis on the last word, "might mistake the

freedom. Will you do me the very great kindness to help me locate the whereabouts of my people."

Of course I assured her I was at her command, and we looked vainly around for the missing party, whom she endeavored to describe to me, but the crowd only grew denser in front of us, and she began to grow embarrassed in spite of herself.

"My aunt will be terribly alarmed about me," she said at last. "I am tremendously sorry to have bothered you so much; and you have been obliged to leave your friend."

"That's of no conquence." Here a bright idea struck me. "But if you will allow me to offer you my carriage, I would be glad to take you to your apartments."

She hesitated for half a second

"I think I shall be obliged to impose on your kindness," she replied at last, "for I see no other way of extricating myself from this dilemma."

"I helped her in and she gave me the address of her hotel. Then with my hand on the door I said, "If you will allow me, I think I had better go with you. It would hardly be pleasant for you to drive through the streets alone." As I looked at her, it dawned on me for the first time what this tantalizing impression of something familiar about her eyes was. She was the girl for whom I had procured the bottle of salts in the Sistine chapel. Probably some of my surprise was reflected in my face, for as she thanked me and accepted, she blushed charmingly

However, after a few moments the temporary embarrassment wore off,

"YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH DAMAGE YOU DID THAT DAY [illegible]

ON THE FOURTH DAY I INSISTED ON HAVING MY MAIL

and, I found myself chatting gayly She seemed perfectly familiar with the English society of Rome, and presently I began to wonder if she was not an Englishwoman, in spite of her previous assertion about a Canadian countryman

When the carriage stopped she said with an adorable little catch in her voice: "I cannot thank you sufficiently for your kindness to a stranger, but I hope you will call, or let my uncle call on you." Then with a daring that seemed to startle herself, "But if you're going to call, come soon, for we leave Rome the end of next week."

I came to, standing stupidly on the street gazing after her. I, Sidney Cragg, staid, sensible bachelor of thirty-one, had lost my head—and heart. As I drove back to the Corso I looked at the card she had given me It bore the name of the "Reverend Nathaniel Marston" in severely clerical type

That evening I went to a ball at the Embassy, and on every programme I touched, the letters formed themselves into the Reverend Nat's name; the next morning at the club the menu card shouted Nathaniel Marston at me I finally stopped short and said "You blooming idiot, go and call, and after you have spent half an hour with the fair one, you'll come back to your senses. The novelty of the situation has 'got you'—that's all. So after dinner I found my way to the hotel, and sent up my card to the Reverend Nathaniel. Following it rather quickly I caught a glimpse of the room and heard a word or two from its inmates before they were aware of my being on the threshold. "Such a piece of deceit, Ethel," said a prim voice, on a high key. "But I *will* have it so, aunt," I heard the girl reply. "Don't you see the unbearableness of my——" Just then she caught sight of me in the doorway, and while I thought she looked embarrassed for a moment, she recovered herself so quickly that it was only a vague impression. She shook hands with a simple unaffected directness, and said, "Mr. Cragg, I want you to know my aunt. Auntv dear, this is the life-saver." Mrs Marston certainly did not belie her voice. She was the stiffest, starchiest most poker-like person I ever saw Shed the expression of a prune and looked as if she might belong to an entirely different sphere from the radiant creature who seated herself on the couch beside me, and of whom I inquired, "I hope your party had returned, when you arrived, Miss Marston?"

She chatted agreeably about many topics, occasionally interrupted by a nod from the sphinx-like aunt in the easy-chair.

"Are you much interested in modern sculpture, Mr. Cragg?" said the niece. "I have so enjoyed my visits to the studios here and in Florence. But the other day I had such a disappointment. I saw the most exquisite cameo-like little statue, and offered the artist his own price, but alas! it had been bought by somebody—didn't he say a 'compatriot,' aunt?—and I could not have it."

Donati's story flashed across my recollection, and involuntarily I broke into a laugh. Then his "Diva," who declared herself "in love with that man," the owner of the marble, was Miss Marston.

"You don't know how much damage you did that day," said I. "Poor Donati! You left him with the impression that Canada is the Paradise of—pardon me—lovely faces. The statue you were kind enough to christen is my property."

"Yours?" Again the blue eyes looked archly wicked. "Then I envy you. Is Signore Donati a friend of yours?"

"Yes, our acquaintance began eight years ago, during my second visit to Rome."

Just then the servant announced Lord Derwent. I rose as the tall blonde Guardsman entered. He was an old acquaintance of mine, but one that I wasn't keen about.

"Good-evening, my fair antagonist," was his greeting to Miss Marston. "Ah, Cragg!" turning to me, "I wasn't aware that you knew——"

"Me!" interrupted the lady. "What a sad loss that knowledge must be to your lordship! I have something to say to you about that marble, Lord Cosmo; but it must be under the rose, as I don't mean aunt shall know it. Mr. Cragg, will you excuse me for an instant, I'm going on the balcony."

I bowed assent, but I was not particularly pleased, as I watched the pair outside, and heard presently a gush of merry laughter from Ethel, that seemed to tell of great intimacy with Derwent. But I called myself a jealous fool when they returned, and Ethel's clear eyes met mine. Still the call was not as pleasant after that, and I soon rose to go, promising, as she said, "to come soon again."

The Marstons were only a week longer in Rome, but, during that time my acquaintance with Ethel progressed very rapidly. I contrived to keep myself informed of their movements and made my plans suit theirs, so I followed them back to Paris. One thing alone gave me serious uneasiness, and that was Derwent's persistent attentions. I knew him to have a reputation of some speed, so I didn't care for Miss Marston to see so much of him. The morning before the Marstons were to leave Rome, I went over to see Donati, and found him, as usual, working in his studio.

"Ah! you have forgotten me," was his salutation; "and I hear of you such tales. Did I not see you at the Coliseum yesterday with La Diva, about whom you pretended such indifference?"

"Upon my honor, Donati," said I, "I did not know her then. What have you heard? My acquaintance with Miss Marston has been very short."

"Truly; but the tongue flies fast. Don't play surprise, caro, but rather tell me by what process you obtained information that my studio was to be honored by La Diva this morning?"

"You are my informant. I came to say good-by."

"Off for Paris, eh? Then you don't know that the big, fussy man brought Milor Derwent here to take opinion upon my Aurora? And they are coming to give a final order, ecco!" and the enthusiastic Italian gave one of his expressive gestures toward the door.

Mrs. Marston entered first with Derwent, and a moment after the Reverend Nathaniel and Ethel saw me standing in the window. She was a little, a very little, startled by my unexpected proximity, for she blushed as we shook hands. After shaking hands with Mrs. Marston I gave her all my attention. The grim aunt had really begun to thaw a shade toward me, and I endeavored to impress her by some very learned sounding opinions of marbles in general. At length the Reverend Nathaniel appealed to his wife, and we were drawn into the other circle.

"Mr. Cragg," Ethel said to me in rather an undertone, "I wonder if I may presume on our short acquaintance, and ask you to do something for me after I leave Rome?"

"I shall be glad to be of any use," I said sincerely enough.

"It is only about some scarfs; I will give you the address, and they can be forwarded. I wonder when I shall have an opportunity to thank you?"

I wondered if she was playing with me; or probably it was just a little appealing way she had with everyone. Anyway I said, "I'll be in Paris the end of the week. If I dared ——"

"Dare nothing," she said hurriedly. Then, in a gayer tone, "We go to the Grande Hotel, and I shall hope to see you. By the way, if you are leaving so soon, why can't you join our party as Lord Derwent has done?"

"Thank you," I returned, coldly. "It will not be possible for me to join you, or Lord Derwent."

She looked at me with a sudden lighting of her eyes that added a new charm to her beauty; but she was prevented from answering by the appearance of Lord Derwent at my elbow.

"Can I do anything for you in Paris, Cragg?" said he, with that careless grace and ease that so well covered a hidden insolence. "I'm at your command."

"Thank you; I've no commissions for Paris. I shall be there myself on Friday night."

"Good news," said he, recovering himself. "Then I hope you'll dine with me on Saturday. I expect a party of eight; among them your friend Hobart and Carrolyn of the Guards, whom you knew in London."

After a second's deliberation, I accepted the invitation. A refusal would have been an unnecessary discourtesy.

The very first thing I did on arriving in Paris, was to order flowers for Ethel, and send them with her scarfs to the Grande.

It was a very elegant dinner to which I sat down at seven. Presently I was in better humor with my host, and was beginning to think him not such a bad sort after all. Gray and I were talking over the latest musical show, when I accidentally caught part of a remark of Derwent's to [illegible] "Jealous as the devil—see what he'll say to it." He leaned forward and said, "A glass of wine with you, Cragg. Here's to my future fiancé, the lovely and graciously-disposed Ethel."

I raised the glass to my lips without touching it. "Am I to conclude that you expect our congratulations, Derwent?" I said calmly.

"Conclude what you like," he said with an insolent smile; "the fair one waits my pleasure, and by Jove! if she wasn't so deuced handsome I'm afraid I'd leave her there for her pains."

For a second I stared, not believing my ears. Then, as the significance of his speech registered itself in my mind, a flood of rage overcame me. I saw red, and my hand went out to the nearest weapon.

The rest is a blank. I only know I grabbed a champagne bottle and used all the force of my muscle on Derwent's face. Derwent must have drawn a revolver, because from that moment I only have a hazy recollection of an unending interval of pain and delirium, in which I was pursuing Lord Derwent and Ethel through dark caves—always just before me, never quite in my reach. When I finally opened my eyes to consciousness Hobart and a woman in a nurse's uniform were in the room.

"We've pulled you through, Sidney, thank God!"

"Where's Derwent?"

"The bally scoundrel got out, but

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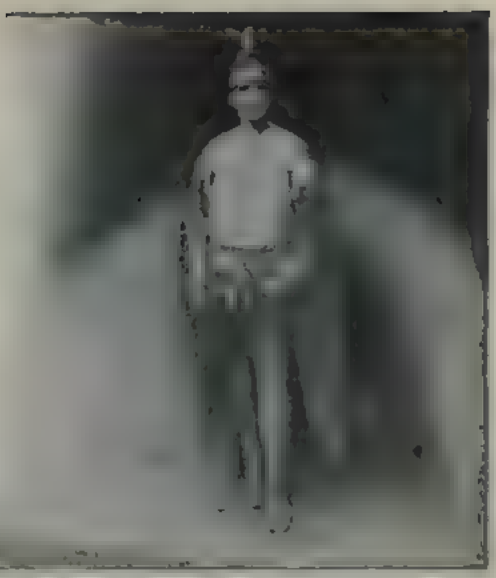
THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*



Illustrated By Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates the Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disarms this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next "at home," Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him, and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale where Sinclair is a lion. She promises him three dances at Lady Merton's ball. Feeling intuitively that Merton will ask her to marry him, she tells herself, "To-night I will be happy. After that, the deluge!" She coquettes with Sinclair, and provokes him until at last he takes her in his arms, and admits that he loves her. Then, coming to himself he puts her away saying, "There is Denzil, my friend—and yours." She tells him, "He will ask me to marry him, to-night. What shall I say to him?" Sinclair grips her by the shoulder and says fiercely, "You aren't going to marry him! Do you hear me?" Then coming to himself he puts her away. He will not take Denzil's beloved away from him, and he tells Valerie he loves her too much to marry her, that he would not make her happy, that he loves his work more than any woman. Valerie cannot understand this altogether, but he forces her to accept the fact that he will not marry her, and later in the evening she accepts Denzil. When Sinclair reaches home his father is asleep, in his rooms, having come to beg for money on the strength of the fact that he is the next heir to the baronetcy of Abbott's Wood, and Sir Fulke Sinclair is a very old and feeble man. His son settles two hundred pounds a year on him, and tells him that it is only on condition that the captain never show his face near his son again, never write to him or communicate with him. The elder Sinclair consents, borrows all the gold the son has in his pockets at the moment, and goes off with a pitiful attempt at gayety, leaving the young man alone. Valerie, as Denzil's fiancee, goes with the Mertons to Barranmuir, for the shooting. After much persuasion Sinclair comes for a few days, and is shocked to find how thin and white Valerie has grown. Dismayed, he breaks out to the valet, and Denzil is anxious about her. But she laughs it off. Later Sinclair turns up and borrows more money from his son, which Robert refuses to give. In a rage, the captain threatens to ask Lord Merton for a loan. Meantime Valerie, noticing that Robert is amused by pretty Dolly Brent, believes that he is falling in love with her, and cannot endure it.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

She hesitated a little at the entrance of the conservatory and her dress rustled gently along the mosaic floor. Almost involuntarily Robert looked up and met Valerie's dark blue eyes. Her face gave him a shock. It was almost like a death-mask except for those burning, haunting eyes of her.

Dolly did not look up. Her world consisted for the present of Robert Sinclair. She felt sure he had sung to her—he had sought her out as soon as he had finished his song—that was enough for her!

But beyond looking at him, Valerie made no sign at all. She walked in her own peculiarly graceful swimming fashion past them and so through the long rooms until she reached the staircase, where she was to bid Denzil good-night.

By this time he had noticed her pallor and was dreadfully concerned at it. "Valerie," he said, "let me send for Moffat—he is a good doctor, although he lives in the country! I am sure you are ill!"

"I'm just tired," she said.

"But that fatigue means something—you are not usually so tired!"

"It means nothing," she answered and bent towards him. "Don't you want to kiss me good-night?" she asked in gentle raillery.

"Don't I want to?" he said.

She bent her head and he kissed her. "My darling, my darling!" he said—it seemed as if he could not say anything more.

He stayed and watched her until she had disappeared from his sight and still he stood there. The horrible fear that she might be ill, that he might lose her was on him. "I am sure it will never be," he said to himself. "No mortal was ever allowed to be so happy!" But how could he bear to live without her? A horrible presentiment of life without Valerie came to him; he could not shake it off and he stood there where he had been parted from her until some one came out of the drawing rooms and found him there. That some one was Robert.

"Denzil, what is the matter, you look as if you had seen a ghost?"

"Do I? Well I have seen a ghost. The ghost of what life would be for me without Valerie!"

"You have not quarrelled?"

"Great Heavens, no! But she looked so white, so frail—and she grows thinner and thinner—and she is so gentle always! She used, I think, to have more spirit. If anything happens to her, I could not survive it!"

"She looked pale to-night," remarked Robert casually. "I noticed that. But Denzil, old man, a woman is not going to die, because she looks pale—I think you are extravagant in your fears. It is not like you."

"No," he said. His friend's words comforted him and appealed to the common sense part of his nature, that knew nothing of the fears of love. "I suppose I am a fool, Bob—but I can dream of no life without her."

"A very good sort of folly," said Robert, and to himself he added, "I say so, because I share it!"

CHAPTER XIII.

VALERIE came down to breakfast the next morning, looking only a shade less pale than she had done the previous night. Indeed, the night had been one of tossing for her. She could not sleep. Always it seemed to her, that she saw Robert's handsome head stooping towards Dolly and the girl's adoring eyes lifted to the singer's face.

"He forgot me," the girl said to herself. "I might just as well never have given him all my love!"

That was the sting of it! For the first time in her life, she was jealous, bitterly jealous! Jealous of pretty, foolish Dolly, who had been so ready to sell herself to the highest bidder! And yet she could not say to herself truthfully that she would not have been jealous, if Robert had devoted himself to any other woman.

"He must go," she said to herself, "he will love and will in time marry but I shan't be there to see! I can't stand it, I can't!"

But she was not quite so sure when she came into the long dining room and saw that Dolly and Sinclair were breakfasting together.

The long table was almost empty, yet those two were seated side by side. He had been talking as she came in. Was it really worse to see him beside Dolly than to dream of him and toss from side to side because of him all the night?

"Anyhow, I can see what is going on," she said.

He sprang up as she came in. Denzil was not yet down. Breakfast went on gaily for a couple of hours at Barranmuir and the guests helped themselves or had trays conveyed to their rooms as they would. Valerie had never come down quite so early before. She had always thought that Sinclair must be one of the early ones.

"What shall I get you?" he asked her.

"Whatever there is," she answered—the very thought of food choked her but the conventions must be observed.

He examined the dishes gravely and finally made a choice, handed it to her and then went back to Dolly's side and sat down, eating his breakfast quite heartily. "He does not care, he does not care," said Valerie to herself.

She drank a mouthful of coffee and made a pretence of eating. Then Denzil came in, astonished at seeing her.

"Are you better?" he asked, anxiously scanning the beautiful face.

"I am quite well," she said, "I was very tired, that is all."

"You still look tired," he said. "You must not come on the moors, to-day, Valerie!"

"Very well, I will stay in," she said docilely. Denzil pressed her hand under cover of the table. "You are going out early, Bob?" he said. "You are a sportsman!"

"I have to be in early," said Sinclair. "I have letters to write. The moors are splendid—the birds just wild enough. But I have some arrangements to make. Are you getting ready for a tramp with me, Miss Brent?"

"I am going on the moors," said Dolly blushing and dimpling. "There will be a large party of us!"

She rose and he went to the window. "I think it is going to be fine," he said, looking at the clouds critically.

"You don't seem pleased?"

He laughed, "I don't mind the rain—and the ladies don't come when it is rainy."

"You ungrateful wretch," said Denzil laughing.

"Oh, I am not that—but I like everything in its place—I like to do my shooting with men—what time does your post go out, Denzil?"

"Quarter to five."

"Then if I am home by half-past three, I shall have an hour and a quarter for my letters. Are you shooting, old man?"

"I am going to take Miss Monro in the motor for a long spin this morning," said Denzil, "that is, if she will let me."

"I should love it," said Valerie gratefully.

She went from the room and left the two young men together. Other guests came down. She did not see Robert again until he passed her in his tweed suit and gaiters, with Dolly by his side. She had on beautiful sables, Merton's gift, and a sable toque with a brownish veil. As he passed her, he gave a quick glance at her, almost as if it were against his will.

It was a beautiful day, and the rush through the air was invigorating. It made Valerie feel sleepy and she was not quite sure that she did not sleep a little as she sat there. Denzil rallied her about it.

"I did not sleep well, last night," she said

"But you are better now?"

"Yes, much," she said.

She felt better and saner—after all she was not without courage. She had deliberately chosen her line and she must have the courage to walk along it. Denzil was all that was delightful. She was not marrying a clod or a fool but a man who could sympathize with her feelings and who was as high-minded as a man could be—he was not Robert, that was all!

They lunched together at a little inn frequented by men who came to fish and shoot. The room was empty when they came in. Valerie was hungry and delighted Denzil by doing justice to her meal. After all, she could not be really ill! She must have been only very tired!

They prolonged the luncheon. It was pleasant in the little low room—there was something homely about it. Valerie, to one side of whose nature what was homely appealed, enjoyed being here, away from all ceremony. As they sat there, three men appeared and sat down at the other end of the table.

They were not pleasant looking men at all. All were well beyond middle age and one and all bore on their faces the marks of dissipation. They stared at Valerie, which enraged Denzil.

"Will you see if my chauffeur is ready?" he said to the maid.

"The man, sir—he is eating his lunch," said the girl.

"Well, tell him to make haste," said Denzil impatiently.

The men still continued to stare—it made the blood boil in Denzil's veins.

He rose and held out the sable coat for Valerie. He fastened it up for her—it was impossible to see him with Valerie and not know that he was Valerie's lover. Of the three men, two were stoutish and one was tall, upright and thin. His face, which had been handsome, was stained and marked by dissipation—he was the one who stared at Valerie most offensively and it was he whom Denzil longed to knock down.

"That girl is a long time coming," the tall man said to his companion. And when he spoke it seemed to Denzil, that he had heard the voice before. He did not know why, but it brought a disagreeable sensation with it—as if he had met the man and had heard the voice in some disagreeable connection—and it was not recently either. It seemed to him as if this man's objectionable personality had been known to him when he was young, and it seemed to bring the remembrance of some vague fear with it. But he could not fix it at all, and the manner of his looking at Valerie was decidedly ill-bred.

The girl teased him a little when they had got back to the motor. "I believe you would like to keep me shut up in a harem," she said.

"You are quite wrong! I love to see men admire you—but they must admire you respectfully. This man looked as if he had never respected a woman in his life! I should have liked to knock him down!"

"You looked like that," she said

laughing. "I had no idea you were so pugnacious, Denzil!"

Then they got into the motor and were whirled home and reached Barrannuir, just as the sun was beginning to gild the western skies

"I have to go in," said Denzil with a sigh.

"I will stay out on the terrace," said Valerie, "and watch the sunset awhile.

Denzil left her reluctantly, but he was very conscientious—too much so—he used to say with a sigh, and there was work he had to do

Valerie had honestly meant to walk up and down the terrace just to get warm after her long motor drive, but after a turn or two, words heard that morning at breakfast came back to her. Robert would be returning about this time—would Dolly Brent be with him? Would she have kept close to him all day? The demon of jealousy began to burn in the girl's breast.

"I shall walk down to the coppice," she said to herself "and wait there. They will not see me, if I stay in the wood."

The coppice of flaming beech trees was just at the bend of the avenue and the other side was hidden from the house. As Valerie walked, she knew quite well that the desire to see Robert again was hot within her. Jealousy was not the only driving force. She felt as if she could not bear to live without knowing where she stood with Robert.

"If he loves Dolly, he could never have loved me," she said to herself "I almost wish he had never loved me—no, I don't—I would not give up the remembrance of his love for anything in the world!"

He was late, she noted, consulting her wrist-watch. He would not be able to send off his letters to-night—unless indeed he had got home before she had—but that was not likely. Shooting and Dolly Brent would keep him out. Valerie knew that! She half-turned to go back, with one last glance at the moor.

"DON'T [illegible]" BUT [illegible] AND THE NEXT INSTANT SHE WAS IN HIS ARMS

Here he came—and alone! Valerie's heart gave a great leap! He was alone, walking fast as if in a hurry. The girl did not know why at that moment there flashed across her mental vision the tall figure of the man who had stared at her so impertinently at the inn, that day at luncheon.

But she dismissed the thought and concentrated all her strength upon Robert. Now that he was coming towards her, with that splendid free stride of his, his handsome head held so high, she felt as if she would need all her strength to resist him! Not that he would make an advance to her! But her heart must resist him! She said to herself, that she loved even the rough tweed that he wore and that became him so well.

And before he saw her, she was aware, that he was humming a song! He could hum then! In the lightness of his heart, he was singing as he was walking! This little fact maddened her. She stepped forward suddenly from the coppice and he gave a quick start

"Valerie!" he said. Her sudden apparition had forced that word from him.

"Yes," she said, "it is I, Robert."

He gave a quick look round—there seemed no one to see their meeting It was still light and the gold of the sunset was flaring and flaming in the sky. The east was blue and there lay over park and moors that peculiar haze of the coming frost. Valerie, stepping forward from under the golden beech trees, wrapped in her sables, monised in color with her surroundings. Except that her eyes were deep and almost dark with feeling and her mouth burnt crimson in the pallor of her face

"You came to meet me"

"Yes," she said steadily

Continued [illegible]

The Moose of "Dear T'ing"

BEING THE SECOND LETTER OF BETTY BLUE TO HER CITY COUSIN CELIA, AND HAVING TO DO WITH MOOSE HUNTING IN THE FAR NORTH, OLD LOUIS THE HALF BREED GUIDE VOYAGEUR, AND OTHER THINGS

By Jean Blewett

Illustrated from Photographs

"DE MOOSE, HE IS NOT W'AT YOU CALL HAN'SOME—PLAINTER TOO MUCH FACE FOR THE KIN' OF FACE IT IS, YOU ON'ERSTAND"

CELIA Dear Do not hold it against me that I have not answered your letter sooner I forgot. The wilderness weeds a man's thoughts—Louis told me so, and I believe him. Have you ever gone down on your knees to clean out a garden bed? If so, you must have noticed how eager the young plants and shoots are to mix with the grass, creeping Charlie, mulleins, and ragweed,—and get yanked out by the roots. So it is in this wilderness weeding—among the empty thoughts and the foolish ones go a few we ought to hang on to. I had no business forgetting to write you. Forgive me. I've rescued the dear little root of remembrance, wilted, but alive; replanted it, and intend to take good and tender care of it from this time forth. This shall be the longest letter, dear, by way of making amends.

I'll begin with our moose hunt, and, maybe, end with it; for there's much to tell.

We had our initiation two weeks ago. We were all in it, from little Joan, who kept fast hold of the fringe on Louis' shooting jacket—a gorgeous affair donned in honor of the occasion—down, or up, to Peter. I carried the game bag made for me by Louis out of two fox skins he had tanned by a process of his own. Not that I was tenderfoot enough to dream of bringing a moose home in it, but a stray tag of vanity reminded me that fox skin was the fashionable fur this season, so I flung it jauntily about me. Peter and Louis wore their guns "with a difference." Peter had his over his shoulder. He acted as if he were a little scared of the thing, but didn't intend to let on—perhaps this was why he was left to bring up the rear. The old half breed's rifle seemed a part of himself. The stock of it was in his armpit, the muzzle pointed earthward, and the hand hugging it to his side was a master's hand. As we watched him remove the brass cap from the nipple, before starting, he looked up with his characteristic grin.

"Now she is w'at you call tongue-tie," he explained. "I lak a gun, but she mus' spik w'en she is spik to, dat be all. Las' fall I tak' a English hunter to de lak' for duck. Beeg man he is, an' great yarn. He tell of how mooch shoot he can do. All tam tell of bear, an' moose, an' duck he bring down, an' I have to sit, me, an' lis'en till I'm seeck. Den firs' t'ing I know he is let his gun go off bang! bang! an' shoot hole in ma hat. Nex' day ol' Louis is stay in camp, an' come dis mi'ty man on de shoot to see w'y I ain't dere wit' canoe. W'en he fin' out I'm not goin' he get mad, oh, gosh, he get mad! He say I'm no sport. " 'Dat's it,' I tell heem, 'If I was sport I try some more. You an' your gun bot' talk too fas' for me.' You know w'at Indian say 'bout de whiskey: 'De leetle too mooch be jus' 'nough.' Wall, I got 'nough. I don' min' if you blow ma head off, but I don' lak' hole in ma hat, b'gosh! De diff'rence b'tween wise man an' fool ain't mooch so far as de man his'sef is concern', but w'en it come to de folk about heem, wall, dat be 'noder matter," he went on, glancing back at the rear guard.

"Do you think I'm careless with this handsome new repeater of mine?" asked Peter good naturedly.

"Me, I don' t'ink not'in' at all," chuckled Louis, "but don' you shoot hol' in ma hat, min' dat, Boss. Repeater no good for breed," he continued. "How's dat? Oh geev too many chances. Breed lazy," with a shrug. "He tell his'sef there's no hurry, if he don' get his game firs' shot w'y no matter, he hav' seex or ten shot behin' dat. All he hav' do is crook de finger. Mebbe all right for white man, bad for breed. W'en old Louis tak' aim he hav' one good bullet he mould wit' his own han', and he know darn well if he don' sit fas' on de job an' be bot' quick an' steady, he's goin' lose hees chance an' waste hees bullet.

"W'en a fellar mak' hees own bullet he don' t'row it away if he can halp, b'gosh!"

Celia, I have no space or heart to

describe the trail we followed, and we followed it far. When we came within sight of the lake, Louis hid us behind a windfall. The hard part of a hunt is the waiting. By and by when I was half asleep, I heard Louis say in answer to a query of Joan's:

"De moose is not w'at you call 'han'som'," with fine toleration. "He have plaintee too much face for de kin' of face it is, you on'erstan'. Dey say de moder moose shut de eye w'en she drink out de stream for fear she see herse'f in de water, but I don' believe it. Bet dat moder moose think she's de fines' in de lan', an' dat her calf is such nice leetle t'ing, be golly! she's 'fraid he die before he grow up. We see de bull moose soon, he pass here early dis mornin'; by an' by he return."

Peter and I simultaneously asked how he knew.

"Tracks," laconically. "Mebbe you t'ink Louis tell lie, eh? Dere be no tracks to see in de t'ick leaves—not!" Flat on his stomach he was tunnelling a passage through the pungent carpet the birch and balm had spread everywhere. We watched him, fascinated. He would not satisfy our curiosity at once. He must do some of his delicious moralizing.

"Yes, he leave track all right. Not'in' go so secret but de wilderness catch its trail—not even de snake. Me, I t'ink if Adam he be all Indian, or half Indian mebbe, with a hint of prune in his veins, "he hear ol' Nick mak' sof' rus'le in de grass on way to de tree an' veeset wit' de madam, yes. No use for poor moose try hide w'ich way he go. Look de size of heem! De bigger de animal de heavier hees foot. You know how it is—w'en de bes' man of all tak' wrong turn de dulles' hound in de pack is hunt heem down."

"Let him keep straight." Peter tendered this solution of the matter with the arrogance of the truly good.

"Sure t'ing," cried Louis, with a laugh I didn't just like, but couldn't help joining in. It is a trick of his—he gets one's approval rarely, but one's sympathies every time. "Now I show you where dis moose plant hees toe—come! You see it here, an' here, an' here, w'at you t'ink, eh?"

Sure enough we see here, an' here, an' here, the prints left by the "antlered dweller of the wild" in the soft earth under the leaves, inches of leaves.

"Louis, Louis, what chance has the poor moose when you give chase!" I exclaimed, and he looked tickled with himself.

"Dat so, but Louis don't geeve chase jus' for fun, no, no. W'en de platter she be empty he mus' fill it, eh? W'en de pouch," slapping the beaded purse which hung on his belt, "she be gone dry he mus' fin' som'thing put in it, dat's all. Louis keep de wilderness law—you know dat law? No? Den I teach you—not dat you'll need de law to keep you in bounds, you have not de hunter's heart. You don' know w'at dat mean, eh? I tell you. De man, be he white, red, or no account half breed who is born wit' de hunter's heart, is all for kill. He don' min' 'bout de money he mak' wit' traders, not w'ile he's on de chase. Jus' to run fox to earth, wolf to cover, wil' cat to lair, see de live t'ing tumble down dead. Dis is w'at he lak'. His rifle, arrow, or mebbe knife, no matter w'at, it sing de song dat's heap up run over wit' hip hurrah w'en it mak' de kill. He is not to blame—if le Bon Dieu mak' man he mus' mak' de heart ob heem too, don' you see? Al' same, I lak' not to hab dat kin' ob heart myself."

"You old fraud!" jeered Peter, "Simon Fraser tells me you sell more pelts than any other hunter in the north."

Louis acknowledged the fact with a nod, "Dat is because de pouch empty so darn queeck. I am poor man, and poor man in de wilds, or anywhere else—mus' make de kill w'en he can, not w'en he wish, no, no."

"You spoke of the wilderness law, Louis. What is that law?" I enquired.

"To take w'at is need an' no more. So if dere be twenty moose madam mus' let nin'teen go because one moose he is meat enough. S'pose you shoot de whole twenty, dat is waste, an' in de beeg Nort', w'at wan waste anoder is lak' to want. Twenty moose is—" but I bade him hold his tongue.

Joan smoothed the scowl from between his grizzled eyebrows with her bit of a hand, asserting that her Louis was good, very good.

"Sure t'ing, 'spect de wings dey be sprout 'fore long, Dear T'ing, (his pet

AS CLUMSY AS HE IS, THE MOOSE IS A GOOD SWIMMER. IN THE WATER, HE MAKES A WAKE LIKE AN ORE BOAT AND ACHIEVES AN ASTONISHING AMOUNT OF SPEED

name for the child) and ol' Louis fly high."

Joan jumped with excitement. "And will you be an angel, Louis?" she asked.

"Oh, no, jus' tough ol' wild goose, dat's all," he told her.

"It would be nicer to be an angel," urged the child. Wild geese are common in the North, but not a glimpse has she had of an angel.

"Wall, you see ol' Louis ain't work mooch at angel business, an' he's been goose all his life, wild goose at dat. So goose he's boun' to be, eh? Dear T'ing, getting de wing don' change de man, it only geeve heem chance to go up in de air"

"How long do you think the moose will keep us waiting?" broke in Peter.

Louis shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders. "Mebbe wan hour, mebbe two, I dunno. White man," with a leer at Peter who has consulted his watch about every five minutes, "t'ink tam so precious, he all de w'ile keep tag on it. De wilderness people don' boder how long dey wait, dere tam is dere own. Once w'en I shoot de beeg black fox I lay behin' log from de night before las' to day after, an' don' ask myself w'at tam' it is at all."

But after awhile Peter forgot his impatience and I my tiredness for Louis set himself to do the honors of the wilderness. We were just guests, he belonged there.

In my last letter, Celia, speaking of this moose hunt, I quoted, in fun, your remark re your visits to the women in the ward, "I want to see where and how they live, and if they are kind to their babies." Well, the man who said that many a wise word was spoken in jest knew what he was talking about Picture us in the forest primeval, in the distance a lake hedged with frosted poplars, like a blue eye with golden lashes. I with my moccasined fe tucked under me. Peter in the back ground, Joan covering herself wi leaves like the blessed babe in the woo she is, and Louis giving us a natura history lesson right here where natur lives the whole year round. Usually one learns by letting certain truth filter into one's consciousness, bu truths that come first hand do no filter, they flood. A good thing, too for thus are the mistakes, errors anc prejudices washed away, leaving room for the realities

"Pooh!" you will be exclaiming now "what can an Indian teach that one can't learn from books without the hardship of a trip like that?"

Celia, in books we get a lot of the author and a little, very little, of the truth. Oh, the "reading up" I did before starting! Thank heaven it has been flooded out by just such lessons

Continued on page 205

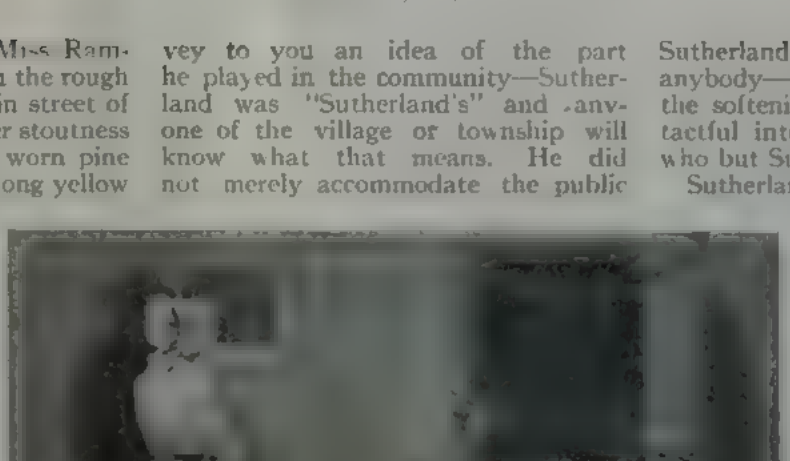
Kirsty MacFarlane's Cow

By Donald G. French

Illustrated by R. E Stolz

STOUT, clubby little Miss Ramsay was hurrying down the rough board walk of the main street of the village as fast as her stoutness and the unevenness of the worn pine planks would allow. An oblong yellow paper fluttered in her hand. But a moment before it seemed that the July heat had bathed the whole life of the village in the somnolence of an Italian siesta. Now appeared, here and there, faces behind the curtains of house and cottage, and recumbent figures upon verandahs woke to life. By the time the plump little maiden reached her destination almost the whole hamlet had been galvanized into life

A telegram! A telegram to anybody in the village was something to be talked about and if it were for "Sutherland's," why then it might interest the countryside. For Sutherland, be it known, was—now, it will not do to say "the hotel-keeper," because that will not convey to you an idea of the part he played in the community—Sutherland was "Sutherland's" and anyone of the village or township will know what that means. He did not merely accommodate the public and dispense liquor; he dispensed friendship, radiated goodwill, helped the needy and befriended the friendless. So that a message to Sutherland might be a message for anybody—might be news that needed the softening process that only some tactful intermediary could give—and who but Sutherland?



AUNT KIRSTY CAME, LOOKED AT THE SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLAR COW AND SAID NOTHING

Sutherland has the telegram "What's this? What's this? Bad news?"—No, for after the first start of surprise, he calls "Boys, I'll read it to you. You're all in it," and reads it word for word:

"Washington,
July 20th, 1882.

Duncan Sutherland,
Cedardale, Ont.

Am coming home on Wednesday morning train. Glad to hear Sutherland's is still in your care.

Alexander MacFarlane."

Sandy MacFarlane coming home! What a babel of reminiscence was let loose! First to fix the date of his departure

"It was thirty-eight years ago."

"No, it was-a thir-rty-sef-fen," objected "Easy" Andrew, so called because he spoke with a slowness and great effort.

"It was the spring after the Munro's house had been burned," asserted young Alec McNiven, getting down to something tangible. "Young" Alec, by the way, was wearing on to sixty-nine, but "Old" Alec was still fresh and smart at ninety-three, so the designation may remain. "Well, that would make it thirty-six years since the cripling of sixteen had hurriedly departed for "the States." And Munro's house was a good thing to mark by, as it happened, for it was at the "bee" called for the purpose of rebuilding the Munro dwelling that Sandy MacFarlane fell foul of Black Jack Fraser's Johnny, and with a whiffletree left him in a precarious condition—such a condition that a "warrant was out" for Sandy's arrest, although when Johnny Fraser was able well enough to give particulars of the fight, he refused to say anything except that "he didn't blame Sandy." By that time, however, nobody knew where Sandy was. And now he was coming home! Wouldn't his mother be glad!

Oh, yes, they had heard about him before this. The village held a few who enjoyed the unique distinction of "pensioners," having fought with the navy of the North during the American Civil War. These men had brought back stories of a Colonel MacFarlane who was making a name for himself in the western division of the army. Later, too, when Canadians were drifting over the border and down to Nebraska and Colorado, word came "back home" of a MacFarlane who was piling up big money in mining. Later still, when the efflux shifted to Dakota and other Northwestern states, and included MacFarlanes of distant connection, it was positively affirmed that Sandy MacFarlane had been recognized in the great wheat power of southern Dakota, and that he owned a whole town with the country around it. And now, to think that Sandy was coming home—home to little Cedardale! Wouldn't his brothers Donald and Archie be glad!

He was coming from Washington. Of course. Hadn't you heard that he was now the most powerful Senator west of the Mississippi? Oh, yes, and maybe some day he would be president. Not Duncan McAlastair, who read "The Globe" faithfully every day but Sunday, and also another paper in the same day, "just to see wha-at lies they would be tellin'," and because of his broadness of mind, was regarded as an unimpeachable authority, had killed the swelling ambition of all Sandy's admirers by informing them that no Canadian could ever become president of "the States." The president must be native born. Well, they didn't care. Here Sandy was coming home. Wouldn't his Aunt Kirsty be just delighted!

SANDY [illegible] DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO TELL YE OR NOT . I DON'T KNOW WHETHER YOU [illegible] ARE [illegible] AT SEEING ME

And Sandy came! Rode down from the station in the old bus just like any of the other boys coming home. What a gathering there was at Sutherland's to meet him! Still ruddy-cheeked and blue-eyed, lithe and erect, but grey to whiteness. And he knew them all! And he had gifts for all—"Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes"—runs the song, but Sandy showered them with diamonds, big diamonds, little diamonds, tie pins, and rings, and watch charms—he seemed to carry a whole diamond reef about with him.

They had a merry time. The same fun-loving Sandy, it seemed to them. Oh, he had a temper too, in the old days—but you see, on an occasion like this, there was nothing, not even the littlest thing to annoy him. But he could be serious and thoughtful too. The few days he could afford to spend were soon gone and on the last he spent an hour or two closeted with Sutherland and Wilson, the banker (an Englishman, by the way, but thoroughly trusted and highly respected in an alien community).

You know, Sutherland," Sandy said. "I'm rich! I've millions, but I

don't think it would do mother and the boys any good to give them money. I'm afraid it would only cause trouble. Now, I want you and Wilson to pick out the best farm you can find, and get it down by the lake, for the boys must have some fishing. Buy it for my mother, and put the rest of this money I'm leaving with you, in the bank, so that she can draw a little any time she needs it.' And then there's Aunt Kirsty, I'd have given her a farm too, but she wouldn't have it. I want you to search the province and buy her the very best and finest—" but I think I'll let Aunt Kirsty tell about that part of it herself.

She met Sutherland a couple of days later and naturally was full of Sandy's visit

"I wass sittin' out at the door, workin' at my knittin' and I hears a step, and I looks up, and there wass the pr-rettiest man in the whole world. Oh, the fine big ma-an that he wass. And he says to me, 'Aunt Kirsty, do you remember me?'

" 'Sandy,' I says, 'I never forgot ye.'

"And he says, 'But you wouldn't remember me as I am?'

" 'No, Sandy, but I remember ye as you were.' Oh, the beautiful blue eyes of him!

"And he says to me, 'Aunt Kirsty, ye were always kind to me, and now I want to give ye something. I want to give ye what ye would like best in the whole world. Don't be in a hurry makin' yer choice! Whatever it is, just tell me and I'll get it for ye.'

" 'Sandy,' I says, 'I don't know

Continued on page 207.

The Man of the Long Trail

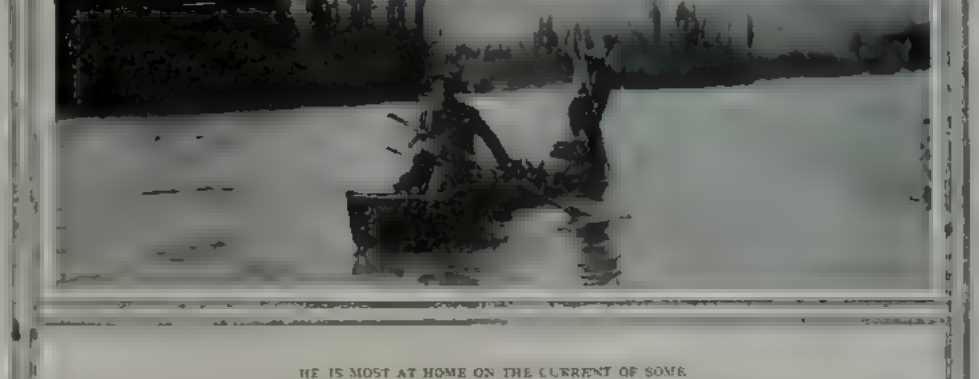
C. F. W. ROCHFORT, WHOSE HOME COUNTRY BEGINS BEYOND THE JUMPING OFF PLACE, WHERE TRAILS RUN OUT AND STOP

By Katherine Trent

Illustrated from Photographs

UNDOUBTEDLY, it is good to be a law-abiding, home-keeping citizen, in at a discreet nine o'clock, putting on winter underwear the last of November, pleasantly acquainted with the street-car conductor who takes one punctually to the office, and with the corner policeman on the lookout for curfew-flouting youngsters. Of such is Canada's sturdy citizenry made, and nobody would have it different.

But there is another sort of man, in bulk equally important to Canada, and individually vastly more important—the foreloper, the landlooker, the pioneer with the wild drop in his blood that sends him out beyond the frontier to make his home where the dark finds him, anywhere across the upper half of the continent, to foregather with Esquimaux, Cree or Siwash, French voyageur, Scotch factor, or dusky half-breed, and to come and go familiarly where the maps offer only blank spaces to the eye of the beholder and survey lines are unheard of conventions.



HE IS MOST AT HOME ON THE CURRENT OF SOME UNMAPPED NORTHERN RIVER

Such a one I found lying helpless on the cot of a Toronto hospital, very ill, the whole six feet of him stretched wearily out under the white cover, the handsome bronzed face of him drawn and whitened. I said some commonplace words of sympathy—that I was sorry to see him there suffering. He smiled, "O, it is good medicine," he said, "medicine" in his phrase meaning discipline.

"What is wrong with the Lion of the Mountains?" I asked him.

Again he gave that stoical smile, "Civilization," said he briefly. "I'm always laid low with it—four walls in which to breathe and move are too much for me."

In a way, that sums up C. F. W. Rochfort. That he is the handsomest man in the west, is a detail. That he is the descendant of a long line of fighting Irish forebears, is unimportant in Canada, where the question is not what your grandfathers did, but what you yourself can do. He has himself seen military service in South Africa. But that he is a man to whom civilization is not necessary a man who can go out and explore and trace Canada's unknown resources and start the entering wedge that shall open up new districts to settlement, is a fact of primary importance.

Some few years ago he was invited to lecture before the Royal Geographical Society of London, and although his other interests prevented him from doing so, he was made a member of that august body,—an honor seldom accorded to so young a man. He is really a specialist in an age of specialism, a specialist in the field of exploring unknown or little known territories. To him, and to men like him, the

British Empire owes much of its greatness.

The Peace River country and the heart of British Columbia were familiar as his own dooryard to him, long before reaching fingers of steel stretched north and west from Edmonton.

These explorations have taken him on all sorts of hazardous journeys where the foot of white man never trod before. Far up towards the Parsnip and the Yukon he has gone, in regions where the Indians know no more of the white man than if he were a messenger of the gods. More than once he has narrowly escaped with his life.

Once he and his partner were out doing some assessment work in the mountains. They had had a hard day, and in the late afternoon made camp, ate food, and flung themselves down to rest. Although it was evening, in that high latitude the sun was still bright, picking out objects with a sharp clarity and bathing them in a flood of sloping golden light.

"Guess we'll call it a day," said his partner, seating himself on a fifty-pound box of 80% dynamite, packed many a toilsome mile over mountain trails ,and pulling out his pipe.

"Guess we will," agreed Mr. Rochfort, extending himself at ease near by. The two sank into the leisurely silence of digestion and tobacco. The day began to fade imperceptibly. A bird chirped in the bush, a little stream talked foolishly to itself around a boulder. Deep peace brooded over the solitary camp. Mr. Rochfort was nearly asleep.

C. F. W. ROCHFORT AND A FELLOW PROSPECTOR ON THE TRAIL IN THE NORTH COUNTRY

"Ping !" A bullet spat into the midst of that quiet scene, tearing a hole in the dust and galvanizing the two partners into swift motion. "Ping !" It was followed by a "chaser." Mr. Rochfort and his partner gave one anxious glance at the scenery, decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and hastily ducked into the bush. Four or five shots more whined viciously through the camp, but seeing that their quarry was out of reach, the Indians on the mountain who had tried a casual shot in passing, went on their way. Figure to yourself the result, had one of those bullets hit the box of dynamite !

Far up in the Peace River country, Mr. Rochfort once traded a cup of flour to an acquaintance, and was paid for it with a green stone.

"Maybe something good, maybe not," said the acquaintance. "I got it off an Injun who thought a lot of it."

It looked promising to Mr. Rochfort, and he took it, although at the spot where the trade took place, a cup of flour was almost worth its weight in gold. His sister was the final recipient of the green stone. In England not long after, she had it polished, and now wears a very fine emerald indeed, which the original Indian owner would find difficulty in recognizing.

And this brings me to the subject of the Peace River country, in which Mr. Rochfort believes whole-heartedly. As most of the world knows now, this country is destined to become a rich agricultural district, but as yet is still very much of a pioneering proposition. In spite of all deterrents, however, settlement is now beginning there, and some of the districts are becoming thickly populated. South of Dunvegan lies the district of Grande Prairie where over fifteen thousand people are farming. For sixty years there have been Catholic missionaries here, and it has been known as an excellent wheat-growing area. As far back as 1893, its wheat took first prize at the Chicago World's Fair. Fifteen years ago, Mr Rochfort knew this country and fore

MR. ROCHFORT'S RANCH HOUSE—NOTICE THE HEADS AND

saw its future. Now the first shadowings of his prophecy are coming true. And now he is turning his face towards farther fields.

Two years ago, he set out from Edmonton one sunny May morning with a party bound for regions where time-tables were not, and where a man's progress depended on his nerve and muscle, rather than on his check-book. Westward they went to the head of steel on the Grand Trunk Pacific, which was at that time at Tete Jaune Cache. There they took canoes down the Fraser river 350 miles to Fort George, where they outfitted for the rest of their trip, and procured a larger boat in which they went back against the Fraser's current for forty miles to Giscombe Portage, where they made an eight-mile portage over an old wagon road, used by the early prospectors. This took them over the divide, and gave them access to the farthest headwaters of the Peace river. From there, they followed the Crooked River for 150 miles, and crossed lakes to Fort Macleod, the Hudson's Bay Company post. Everything here has to be brought in by pack-train from the Pacific Coast, and costs at the rate of twenty cents a pound freightage. Then they went two hundred and fifty miles by canoe down the Pack and the Parsnip rivers to the mouth of the Findlay, and then paddled seventy miles up the Findlay to Fort Graham, which is even more expensive than Fort Macleod, everything costing twenty-five cents a pound freightage.

In this district, Mr. Rochfort has some valuable mica claims, the deposits being of a high excellence. Mica is not a mere ornament for the fronts of baseburners. It is extensively used in electrical appliances, and is extremely valuable. These claims are only one of Mr. Rochfort's finds.

Leaving Fort Graham, they paddled fifty miles up river to the location of more mineral prospects, and then turned their faces homeward. Eventually they arrived at Athabasca Landing, and boarded a train for Edmonton, after a journey of three thousand miles. Here they arrived in splendid physical condition. In the words of Mr. Rochfort's companion, "We started out to see a district, but we have covered an empire!"

The human side of Mr. Rochfort is the most fascinating one, however; and of that, he refuses to tell. He has held me breathless with stories of adventures and incidents, but the moment I showed signs of putting one in this story, he stopped, looked at me quizzically, and shut up like the proverbial clam.

When I saw him in hospital, he was in great trouble over the child of a neighbor of his on the Pembina river. Between spasms of his own pain, he told me of the youngster, who suffered horribly with some sort of seizures. Mr. Rochfort had interested his friend, Dr. Cobbett, in the case; and although Dr. Cobbett is a busy and a famous man who used to be in partnership with two of the greatest surgeons of London, one of whom operated on King Edward before the coronation, Mr Rochfort's account of the child had elicited a promise from the doctor to operate on it for sweet charity's sake. And he, lying there in pain, was as pleased as a boy over it.

To most people, however, he is as unapproachable as the top of Mount Blanc. I remember seeing a short, cheery, unabashed young Englishman walk slowly all around him in a hotel, taking in all his magnificent points. Mr. Rochfort might have been alone on a desert island, lost in contemplation of the Infinite for all the notice he took of him. Finally the Englishman sighed, shook his head, and said almost wistfully, "My word! but that's my idea of a man!"

I have seen him saunter slowly—he never hurries—down Jasper Avenue in Edmonton, and you would imagine that every head all the way down the street was operated on a pivot. But through it all he walks serenely undisturbed, leonine, aloof.

The Virginian, once remarked, "Any full-grown man ought to have a powerful lot of temper. And like his other valuable possessions, he ought not to lose any of it." Mr. Rochfort has a temper seldom lost, but Celtic, chain-lightning-quick when it strikes, and terrific during the performance. This, by the way, is shared in common with other members of the family. Not long since, Mr. Rochfort's sister was staying with him on his ranch in Saskatchewan, and under the hospitable roof was also a young musician from the Old Country, who was eternally at the piano.

Now Mr. Rochfort is practised in the arts of cookery, washing, mending and the like, having lived in a bachelor fashion so much; and on the particular morning of which I write he had "set" a beautiful pan of bread-dough to rise, and departed to the barn. The musician, having finished breakfast, sat down to the piano and began his detested scales. Miss Rochfort's patience bent and broke. Quietly disappearing into the kitchen, she snatched up her brother's pan of rising dough, and brought it down upon—and over—the head of the devoted thumper of ivories. At that juncture, Mr. Rochfort appeared on the scene; and the meeting of Greek with Greek was nothing to the meeting of Irish with Irish. The musician disentangled himself from the dough, and fled; Miss Rochfort braved her brother's wrath for a little, but even she had to make an inglorious retreat; and Mr. Rochfort, still rumbling thunderously, set about recreating the family's supply of bread.

Have I made you see him? He does not live here, in the paved and narrow street where most of us dwell; nor even in the fenced and planted farms roofed with open sky. Even though circumstances hedges his body at times within four walls, his spirit is abroad, journeying in far places where shortly his feet shall follow. The most characteristic thing about him, the salient thing by which I shall always remember him, is the word that he said when he lay, racked with pain, on the hospital cot in Toronto, and in answer to my question of what was wrong with him, answered briefly, "Civilization."

Song Against Love

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Nay, do not love me so, dear!
I am fire,
And floating thistledown,
And a wild bird that only
loves the sea.
I answer to no voice except
my own,
And no warm hearth gleams
firebright for me.
So love me not.

Love me a breath alone, dear,
If you will.
Forget as light, for I
Am but a shadow, drifting
on the grass,
A night-wind passing lightly
as a sigh,
A blossom falling from the
linden-tree.
Why should you grieve for
such a frail as I?
Nay, love me not, beloved, or
I flee!

In the Wake of the Columns

AT CAROLINA, IN THE TRANSVAAL, WAS A STORE KEPT BY A HANDSOME ANIMAL CALLED ARTHUR LIOSKI—A POLISH JEW. AND THERE WAS LILLIAN. ALSO THERE WAS AN OFFICERS' CLUBHOUSE, OF WHICH THE OWNER WAS A GREEK ADVENTURER WHO KNEW HOW TO DIE FOR AN IDEAL. AND THIS IS THE STORY OF A YOUNG OFFICER OF HAMPTON'S SCOUTS WHO TOOK TOO MUCH WINE AND SAW A PAIR OF BOOTS

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by Marjory Mason and Paul Anderson

SLEEPING OR WAKING, FIGHTING OR RESTING, I THOUGHT OF LILLIAN AND WONDERED—WONDERED

I HAVE an intense admiration for George Poropulos, and I revere his memory. My friends say that this admiration of mine is evidence of a spirit of perversion which they profess to deplore.

I admire him for his nerve, though, for the matter of that, his nerve was no greater than mine.

Long before the war came, when the negotiations between Great Britain and the Transvaal Government were in the diplomatic stage, I drifted to Carolina from the Rand, leaving behind me in the golden city much of ambition, hope, and all the money I had brought with me from England. I came to South Africa with a young wife and £370—within a few shillings—because the doctors told me the only chance I had was in such a hot dry climate as the highlands of Africa afforded. For my own part, there was a greater attraction in the possibility of turning those few hundreds of mine into many thousands, for Johannesburg was in the delirium of a boom when I arrived.

I left Johannesburg nearly penniless. I could not, at the moment, explain the reason of my failure, for the boom continued, and I had the advantage of the expert advice of Arthur Lioski, who was staying at the same boarding house as myself.

There were malicious people who warned me against Lioski. His own compatriots, sharp men of business, told me to 'ware Lioski, but I ignored the advice because I was very confident in my own judgment, and Lioski was a plausible, handsome man, a little flashy in appearance, but decidedly a beautiful animal.

He was in Johannesburg on a holiday, he said. He had stores in various parts of the country where he sold everything from broomsticks to farm wagons, and he bore the evidence of his prosperity.

He took us to the theatre, or rather he took Lillian, for I was too seedy to go out much. I did not grudge Lillian the pleasure. Life was very dull for a young girl whose husband had a spot on his lung, and Lioski was so kind and gentlemanly, so far as Lil was concerned, that the only feeling I had in the matter was one of gratitude.

He was tall and dark, broad-shouldered, with a set to his figure and a swing of carriage that excited my admiration. He was possessed of enormous physical strength, and I have seen him take two quarreling Kaffirs—men of no ordinary muscularity—and knock their heads together.

He had an easy, ready laugh, a fund of stories, some a little coarse, I thought, and a florid gallantry which must have been very attractive to women, and certainly Lil always brightened up wonderfully after an evening spent with him.

His knowledge of mines and mining propositions was bewildering. I left all my investments in his hands, and it proves something of my trust in him, that when, day by day, he came to me for money, to "carry over" stock—whatever that means—I paid without hesitation, believing that the stock I was interested in would recover sufficiently to clear my losses, and pay me a handsome profit. Not only did I lose every penny I possessed, but I found myself in debt to him to the extent of a hundred pounds.

Poor Lil! I broke the news to her of my ruin, and she took it badly; reproached, stormed, and wept in turn, but quieted down when I told her that, in the kindness of his heart, Lioski had offered me a berth at his Carolina store. I was to get £16 a month, half of which was to be paid in stores at wholesale prices and the other half in cash. I was to live rent free in a little house near the store.

I was delighted with the offer. Four pounds a week seemed a lot of money to a bank clerk who had never earned more than one hundred and fifty a year. It was an immediate rise, though I foresaw that the conditions of life would be much harder than the life to which I had been accustomed in England.

We traveled down the Delagoa line to Middleburg, and found a Cape cart waiting to carry us across the twenty miles of rolling veldt that separated the line from the little town.

The first six months in Carolina were the happiest I have ever spent. The work in the store was not particularly arduous. I found that it had the

reputation of being one of the best equipped stores in the Eastern Transvaal, and certainly we did a huge business for so small a place. It was not on the town we depended but upon the surrounding country.

Lioski did not come back with us, but after we had been installed for a week he turned up and took his residence in the store.

All went well for six months. He taught Lil to ride and drive, and every morning they went cantering over the veldt together. He treated me more like a brother than an employee, and I found myself hotly resenting the uncharitable things that were said about him, for Carolina, like other small African towns, was a hotbed of scandal and gossip.

Lil was happy for that six months, and then I began to detect a change in her attitude toward me. She was snappy, easily offended, insisted upon having her own room—to which I agreed, for, although my chest was better, I still had an annoying cough at night which must have been a trial to anybody who slept within my hearing.

It was about this time that I met Poropulos.

He came into the store one hot day in January, a little man of forty-five or thereabouts. He was unusually pale, and had a straggling, weedy beard. His hair was long, his clothes were old and stained, and so much of his shirt as was revealed at his throat was sadly in need of a washwoman's attention.

Yet he was cheerful and *debonair*;—it seems a ridiculous word to apply to a pale little man of forty-five—and singularly flippant.

His first greeting was familiar.

He stalked into the store, looked around critically, nodded to me and smiled. Then he brought his *sjambok* down on the counter with a smack.

"Where's Shylock?" he asked, easily.

I am afraid that I was irritated.

"Do you mean Mr. Lioski?" I demanded, coldly.

"Shylock, I said," he repeated with relish. "Shylockstein, the Lothario of Carolina."

He smacked the counter again, smiling all the time.

I was saved the trouble of replying, for at that moment Lioski entered. He stopped dead and frowned when he saw the Greek.

"What do you want, you little beast?" he asked, harshly.

For answer, the man leant up against the counter ran his fingers through his straggling beard, and cocked his head impertinently upward.

"I want justice," he said, unctuously—"the restoration of money stolen. I want to send a wreath to your funeral; I want to write your biography——"

"Clear out," shouted Lioski. His face was purple with anger, and he brought his huge fist down upon the counter with a crash that shook the wooden building.

He might have been uttering the most pleasant of compliments, for all the notice the Greek took.

Crash! went Lioski's fist on the counter.

Smash! came Poropulos's *sjambok*, and there was something mocking and derisive in his action that made Lioski mad.

With one spring he was over the counter, a stride, and he had his hand on the Greek's collar—and then he stepped back quickly with every drop of blood gone from his face, for the Greek's knife had flashed under his eyes.

It was out so quick that I did not see him draw it. I thought Lioski was stabbed, but it was fear that made him white.

The Greek rested the point of the knife on the counter and twiddled it round absentmindedly, laying his palm on the hilt and spinning it with great rapidity.

"Nearly did it that time, my friend," he said, with a note of regret, "nearly did it that time—I shall be hanged for you yet."

Lioski was white and shaking.

"Come in here," he said in a low voice, and the little Greek followed him to the back parlor.

They were together for about an hour; sometimes I could hear Mr. Lioski's voice raised angrily, sometimes Poropulos's little laugh. When they came out again the Greek was smiling still, and smoking one of my employer's cigars.

"My last word to you," said Lioski, huskily, "is this—keep your mouth closed and keep away from me."

"And my last word to you," said Poropulos, jauntily puffing at the cigar, "is this—turn honest, and enjoy a novel sensation."

He stepped forth from the store with the air of a man who had gained a moral victory.

I never discovered what hold the Greek had over my master. I gathered that at some time or another, Poropulos had lost money, and that he regarded Lioski as responsible, never ceasing to worry him for its return.

In some mysterious way Poropulos and I became friends. He was an adventurer of a type. He bought and sold indifferent mining propositions, took up contracts, and I believe, was not above engaging in the Illicit Gold Buying business.

His attitude to Lillian was one of complete adoration. When he was with her his eyes never left her face.

It was about this time that my great sorrow came to me. Lioski went away to Durban—to buy stock, he said and a few days afterwards Lillian, who had become more and more exigent, demanded that she should be allowed to go down to Cape Town for a change.

I shall remember that scene.

I was at breakfast in the store when she came in.

She was white, I thought, but her pallor suited her, with her beautiful black hair and great dark eyes.

She came to the point without any preliminary.

"I want to go away," she said.

I looked up in surprise

"Go away, dear? Where?"

She was nervous. I could see that from the restless movement of her hands.

"I want to go to—to Cape Town—I know a girl there—I'm sick of this place—I hate it."

She stamped her foot, and I thought that she was going to break into a fit of weeping. Her lips trembled, and for a time she could not control her voice.

"I am going to be ill if you don't let me go," she said at last. "I can feel—"

"But the money, dear," I said, for it was distressing to me that I could not help her toward the holiday she wanted.

"I can find the money," she said, in an unsteady voice. "I have got a few pounds saved—the allowance you gave me for my clothes—I didn't spend it all—let me go, Charles—please, please."

I drove her to the station, and took her ticket for Pretoria.

I would have taken her to the capital but I had the store to attend to.

"By the way, what will your address be?" I asked just as the train was moving off.

She was leaning over the gate of the car platform, looking at me strangely.

"I will wire it—I have it in my bag."

With an aching heart I watched the tail of the train swing round the curve.

There was something wrong, what it was I could not understand. Perhaps I was a fool. I think I was.

Back to Carolina I went, heavy and sad and miserable.

I think I have said that I had made friends with Poropulos. Perhaps it would be more truthful to say that he made friends with me, for he had to break down my feeling of distrust and disapproval. Then again, I was not certain how Mr. Lioski would regard such a friendship, but, to my surprise, he took very little notice of it, or for the matter of that, of me.

Poropulos came into the store the night my wife left. Business was slack; there was war in the air, rumors of ultimatums had been persistent, and

the Dutch farmers had avoided the store.

We talked for some time about the political question, then the Greek wandered off into reminiscences.

He told me he had been in the Transvaal for eighteen years.

"I killed a man in Athens," he said, simply, " and I had to fly."

"By accident, of course," I said. He smiled.

"Oh, no, I just killed him," he said carelessly. "He vexed me about something —I forget what it was now—and I stuck a knife into him."

I was horrified.

"I have killed several people," he went on, with a serenity which I cannot describe. "I killed a man at Beira over a question of money. He was a half-caste Portuguese, so really he doesn't count. Also I killed another man at Mandeges who owed me three months' salary and swore I had received it. I was very quick tempered then."

He shook his head gently, and seemed to be regretting that increasing age had brought him a more pacific nature.

"Ten years ago," he continued, "I should have killed Lioski—Oh, I forgot, you like him, don't you ?"

"He has been very good to me," I replied, and he looked at me curiously

"Yes—I suppose he has," he mused. (His English, by the way, was perfect, and there was not the slightest trace of any foreign accent.)

He was silent for a little while

"Your wife has gone to——?"

"Cape Town," I finished the sentence for him. He nodded.

"I shall certainly be hanged for killing your generous employer," he said apropos of nothing

We had many other conversations of a similar character. He exercised a sort of fascination for me. Sometimes I could not believe that he was speaking seriously, when he spoke without a tremor and with little sign of embarrassment, of the dreadful deeds he had committed. The only time he ever showed any sign of emotion was when he spoke of my wife, and I was touched by the devotion of this little man for my dear girl.

In the slack part of the evening he would perch himself on the counter and tell story after story, none of which were particularly creditable to himself —but his self-possession vanished when he spoke of her. Possibly his liking for Lillian was the secret of our friendship; possibly it was the absolute commonplace in me that proved so attractive to him. Certainly it grew with extraordinary rapidity.

Though, he confided in me to a remarkable degree, though he treated me almost as a confessor, for some reason or other, I could never induce him to speak of Lioski. I gathered that he had one especial grievance against my employer, and that it was of years' standing, but the implacable hatred which animated him was, as he said, "a matter of principle," from which vague statement I gathered that he was constitutionally antagonistic to such men as Lioski.

A week passed, and I began to worry for I had not heard from Lil. I had had a letter from Lioski, telling me that in view of the unsettled condition of the country he was extending his stay in Durban for a fortnight. The letter gave me the fullest instructions as to what I was to do in case war broke out, but, unfortunately, I had no opportunity of putting them into practise.

The very day I received the letter, a Boer commando rode into Carolina, and at the head of it rode the Landrost Peter du Huis, a pleasant man whom I knew slightly. He came straight to the store, dismounted, and entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Grey," he said. "I am afraid that I have come on unpleasant business "

"What is that ?" I asked.

"I have come to commandeer your stock in the name of the Republic," he said, "and to give you the tip to clear out."

It does not sound possible, but it is nevertheless a fact that in two hours I had left Carolina, leaving Lioski's store in the hands of the Boers, and bringing with me receipts signed by the Landrost for the goods he had commandeered. In four hours I was in a cattle truck with a dozen other refugees on my way to Pretoria—for I had elected to go to Durban to inform

HE WAS TALL AND DARK AND POSSESSED A FUND OF GALLANTRY THAT MADE HIM ATTRACTIVE TO WOMEN — CERTAINLY LIL ALWAYS BRIGHTENED UP WHEN HE CAME IN

Lioski at first hand of what had happened

Of the journey down to the coast it is not necessary to speak. We were sixty hours *en route*; we were without food, and had little to drink. At Ladysmith I managed to get a loaf of bread and some milk; at Maritzburg I got my first decent meal. But I arrived in Durban, tired, dispirited, and hungry.

Lioski was staying at the Royal, and as soon as I got to the station I hailed a *ricksha* and ordered the boy to take me there.

There had been no chance of telegraphing. The wires were blocked with government messages. We had passed laden troop trains moving up to the frontier, and had cheered the quiet men in khaki who were going, all of them, to years of hardship and privation, many of them to death.

The vestibule of the Royal was crowded, but I made my way to the office.

"Lioski ?" said the clerk. "Mr. and Mrs. Lioski, No. 84—you'll find your way to their sitting room. It's on the second floor."

I went slowly up the stairs, realizing in a flash the calamity.

I did not blame Lil; it was a hard life to which I had brought her. I had been selfish, as every sick man is selfish inconsiderate. . .

They stood speechless, as I opened the door and entered. I closed the door behind me.

Still they stood, Lil as pale as death, with terror and shame in her eyes, Lioski in a black rage.

"Well ?"

It was he who broke the silence.

He was defiant, shameless, and as I went on to talk about what had happened at the store, making no reference to what I had seen, his lips curled in a contemptuous smile.

But Lil, woman-like, rushed in with explanations. . She had meant to go to Cape Town. . .the train service had been bad. . .she had decided to go to Durban . . .Mr. Lioski had been kind enough to book her a room .

I let her go on. When she had finished I handed my receipts to Lioski.

"That ends our acquaintance, I think," said I.

"As you like," he replied with a shrug.

I turned to Lillian.

"Come, my dear," I said, but she made no move, and I saw Lioski smile again.

I lost all control over myself and leapt at him, but his big fist caught me before I could reach him, and I went down, half stunned. I was no match for him. I knew that, and if the blow did nothing else it sobered me.

I picked myself up. I was sick with misery and hate.

"Come, Lil," I said again.

She was looking at me, and I thought I saw a look of disgust in her face. I did not realize that I was bleeding, and that I must have been a most unpleasant figure. I only knew that she loathed me at that moment, and I turned on my heel and left them, my own wife and the big man who had broken me. . . .

One forgets things in war time. I joined the Imperial Light Horse and went to the front.

The doctor passed me as sound, so I suppose that all that is claimed for the climate of Africa is true.

We went into Ladysmith, and I survived the siege. I was promoted for bringing an officer out of action under fire. I earnt a reputation for daring, which I did not deserve, because all the time I was courting swift death, and was taking risks to that end.

But courted death is shy. It struck down the man at my left and at my right. It took my comrades who slept on either side of me in my tent, but me it left.

Once, ten men went out by night to make a reconnaissance. We fell into a trap. Nine of the ten were killed, the tenth man came back without a scratch, and I was that man.

Before Buller's force had pushed a way through the stubborn lines to our relief, I had received my commission. More wonderful to me, I found myself a perfectly healthy man, as hard as nails, as callous as the most experienced soldier. Only, somewhere down in my heart, a little worm gnawed all the time; sleeping or waking, fighting or resting, I thought of Lillian, and wondered, wondered, wondered.

Then Ladysmith was relieved. We marched on toward Pretoria. I was transferred to Hampton's Horse with the rank of major, and for eighteen months I moved up and down the Eastern Transvaal chasing a will o' the wisp of a commandant, whose attentions were embarrassing the blockhouse lines.

Then one day I came upon Poropulos.

We were encamped outside Standerton when he rode in on a sorry looking Burnto pony.

He had been in the country during the war, he said, buying and selling horses. He did not mention Lioski's name to me, and so studiously did he avoid referring to the man that I saw at once that he knew.

It was brought home to me by his manner that he had a liking for me that I had never guessed. In what way I had earned his regard I cannot say, but it was evident he entertained a real affection for the ex-store man o' Carolina.

We parted after an hour's chat—he was going back to Carolina. He had a scheme for opening an officers' club in that town, where there was alway a large garrison, and to which the wandering columns came from time to time to be re-equipped.

As for me, I continued the weary chase of the flying commando. Trek trek, trek, in fierce heat, in torrential downpour, over smooth veldt and broken hills, skirmishing, sniping, and now and then a short and sharp engagement with half a dozen casualties on either side

Four months passed, and the column was ordered into Carolina for a refit. I went without qualms, though I knew she was there, and Lioski was there.

We got into Carolina in a thunderstorm, and the men were glad to reach a place that bore some semblance of civilization. My brother officers, after our long and profitless trek were overjoyed at the prospect of eating a decent dinner — for Poropulos's club was already famous amongst the columns.

My horse picked up a stone and went dead lame, so I stayed behind to doctor him, and rode into Carolina two hours after the rest of the column had arrived.

It was raining heavily as I came over a fold of the hill that showed the straggling township.

There was no human being in sight save a woman who stood by the roadside, waiting, and I knew instinctively, long before I reached her, that it was Lillian.

I cantered toward her. Her face was turned in my direction, and she stood motionless as I drew rein and swung myself to the ground.

She was changed, not as I expected, for sorrow and suffering had etherealized her. Her big eyes burnt in a face that was paler than ever, her lips, once so red and full, were almost white.

"I have been waiting for you," she said.

"Have you, dear ? You are wet."

She shook her head impatiently as I slipped off my mackintosh and put it about her.

"He has turned me out," she said, simply.

She did not cry. I think she had not recovered from the shock. Something stirred under the thin cloak she was wearing, and a feeble cry was muffled by the wrapping.

"I have got a little girl," she said, "but she is dying."

Then she began to cry silently, the tears running down her wet face in two streams

I took her into Carolina, and found a Dutch woman who put her and the

Continued on page 211.

A Living Link

By J. H. Reed

Illustrated with Photograph

Lord! who would live turmoiled in the Court
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
—*Shakespeare.*

BEAUTIFUL golden sun-spangled days have followed the wet weeks that kept us indoors, with their rain-swept woods and sodden fields.

The long rainy time has brought many compensations. The pastures are thick with grass of a bright emerald green. The woods are unscorched by a hot summer sun, and the foliage has the bright day dress of early summer days. The brooks are singing a louder song, they are full from overburdened springs; adown the sides the waters rush, deeply tinged with colour from the green mosses clinging to the red and brown rocks below, and the rills "lace the cascades with tags of twisted silver." Never were Quantock crests and sides covered with brighter patches of purple, or the banks of streams with gayer flowers.

Lovely pictures meet the traveller at every turn. A vision of beauty sped past as the train emerged from a cutting. A long, narrow patch some twenty yards wide, backed by a green larch wood, was brilliant with thousands of devil's-bit scabious, all glorious with their dark purple corollas, the edges gay with golden ragwort.

On the crest of a hill overlooking a delightful landscape, where, amid swelling hills and a finely-wooded park, stood the house of Sir Walter Trevelyan hard by the fine church of Nettlecombe, a great patch of the handsome rose-bay willow herb hung out its glorious flowers. The sloping bank of a sunken lane was covered with grey lichen, framed in silver by its upcurled edges, and set amid green moss and the brilliant foliage of the wild geranium, a fair and beautiful picture; and a thatched farmhouse, with a garden still bright with roses, had its walls all scarlet with a creeper, whose long fingers had stretched up and over the brown thatch —those lovely fingers were of brilliant golden and crimson hues in the bright sun.

Our walk was from Crowcombe Station, through a grove of oak trees, thence by a deep lane and past a farm. The farmer was thrashing his newly gathered barley; the sample was really much better and brighter than could have been expected after the stormy days before the ingathering. On through a wood, and we are on the summit of the Quantocks, with a fine view of Aisholt and Cocker Coombes. Our objective is Aisholt village; so we walk across the huge back between two deep ravines. The narrow path at first

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AGENTS WINNIPEG

is through purple heather, and then is lost in a maze of bracken, often six or seven feet high; this wet summer has encouraged the giant growth. Emerging into the coombe the way is by a rift, where the rill wanders amid beech trees, and thence by a fir plantation, whose nodding plumes wave in the northern breeze.

The coombe has a charm all its own. Here is sweet solitude. For miles the traveller has been all alone. In these depths all is still save for the twittering of the birds and the new sweet song of our friend the robin, the whirr of a startled pheasant and ever the pleasant murmuring of the brook. There is variety, too. A grassy glade with fine ash trees, many of their grey and stately columns richly golden with clinging lichen, now and again a noble oak tree, then the path closes, and we are walking by the water-loving alders and always with the song of the brook for company. By a water lane, fragrant with water mint, we enter the little village.

The few cottages are thatched, quaint and old, their gardens bright with old-world flowers, and orchards laden with fruit. The brook runs by the lane-side, on its banks the lady fern, with its delicate fronds, grows luxuriantly. We ask for the home of the lady we are seeking, and we receive this singular answer, "Not this way." We ask again "Not this way at all." When we explain we have come down the coombe we are successful, and reach the picturesque home of Miss Symons, who is active in philanthropic work, and our guide from this really charming village, Aisholt, to Over Stowey, to introduce the interesting lady we have come to see, Miss Ward—the living link between this generation and Tom Poole, the friend of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Sir Humphry Davy, and a host of celebrated men of a bygone generation.

It was only a mile or more to Marsh Mills, where lives Miss Ward, in the home of her father, the Mr. Ward who was a partner with the learned tanner of Nether Stowey. The road was most interesting, with many a picture on the way. On the banks of a little rill running through a meadow was a grand show of mimulus—money musk, as it is popularly called—for twenty or thirty yards, on both banks, were hundreds of the brilliant flowers, their open yellow throats dotted with red and with great splashes of red at the mouths of the tubes. Such a gay show is not often seen.

Miss Ward is still an alert, active lady in spite of her eighty-seven years, keen, quick and observant, with all her faculties in full vigour.

It was pleasant to sit with her and listen to her stories of the days before

Victoria was our Queen. Life at Marsh Mills, the quaint, delightful old home, must have run smoothly, and the invigorating air of the Quantocks—where she loves to roam—has tended to strengthen a bright and interesting life. The house is full of objects which arrest the attention. There is a portrait of Tom Poole, who looks a refined English gentleman, a pencil sketch of Miss Ward's father, a picture of her mother in an Early Victorian bonnet, enclosing a sweet face; one of her grandmother, a miniature painted by Miss Biffen. On the back of this is an advertisement stating that the artist painted the miniatures from five to twenty-five guineas

OUR WALK LED US THROUGH A DEEP LANE AND PAST A FARM

"without hands," and, more interesting than all, the celebrated portrait of himself which, Miss Ward affirms, Coleridge sent her father from Germany.

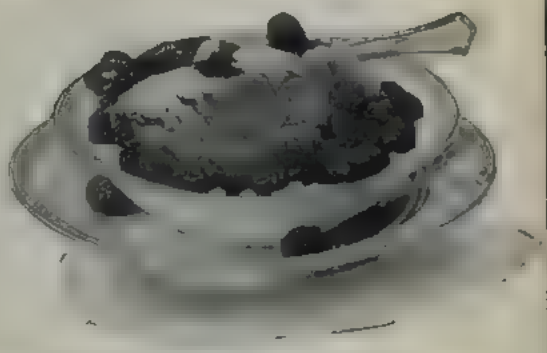
Mr. Ward had scholarly tastes, and it had been arranged that he should go to Oxford, and there qualify for a doctor, but after meeting Tom Poole he went home and declared, "Let me be anything in the world, only let me be with Tom Poole, the tanner of Nether Stowey," and so a tanner he became, and eventually the partner of the man he so much admired.

It was delightful to sit in the dining-room of the home of the Wards, with its old-time furniture and quaint portraits, the very room where Coleridge and Southey, coming in from their tour in Wales, first received the news of the death of Robespierre. We have often heard the story of Southey, who laid his head down upon his arms and cried, "I had rather heard of the death of my own father," but what Coleridge said is not so well known. Miss Ward's father often told her that Coleridge exclaimed: "Sir, he was a ministering angel, sent to slay thousands that he might save millions."

Mr. Ward considered Coleridge a more wonderful talker than a poet. He would begin on a subject, and, however difficult never leave it until every corner of it was as clear as noon day to his hearers. In this connection we recall what Lord Egmont said to De Quincy: "Coleridge talked very much like an angel."

Miss Ward recalled one or two personal recollections of her girlhood days. She remembers Tom Poole as a visitor at Marsh Mills when she was about nine years of age, and her nurse telling her "to walk on her toes, as Mr Poole

"The Kitchenless Home"



has not arrived—neither has the iceless refrigerator nor the fireless furnace—but the cookless kitchen, with comfort and contentment, is a possibility in every home where the housewife knows the culinary uses and food value of

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With these crisp "little loaves" of ready-cooked cereal in the home you are ready for the unexpected guest, for the uncertainties of domestic service, for every emergency of household management. No worry or drudgery—we do the cooking for you in our two-million-dollar, sunlit bakery.

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Every night, countless happy children have Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk at bedtime. And even more grown-ups, when the evening is over, gather around this dish.

Try it and find out why. Here are whole grains puffed to eight times normal size. Thin, crisp, toasted bubbles—fragile morsels with an almond taste. Imagine how inviting are these dainty wafers floating in bowls of milk.

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They call this Prof. Anderson's supper, for you owe this Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice to him. By his process alone are whole grains made so easily and completely digestible

A hundred million steam explosions have occurred in each kernel. Every food granule has been blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice do not tax the stomach.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Ways to Enjoy Them

Do more than serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice for breakfast. Try them in different ways. For each is distinct in its flavor.

Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with your berries, use them in candy making. Scatter the grains like nut meats over a dish of ice cream. Eat them dry like peanuts, or douse them with melted butter.

These are all-day foods. When the children are hungry—whatever the hour—the best food you can give them is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

did not like noise." A more delightful story of this polished and learned bachelor was the bringing out of the monkeys to amuse his young visitors. He had hung wires from their cage across the garden, over which they scrambled to pick gooseberries from the mouth of their master, to the great delight of little Miss Ward and her sisters. They had a warm nook over the kitchen stove in the winter. This unbending of the friend of poets and philosophers to amuse village maidens is one of Miss Ward's most delightful memories.

After our talk the precious letters sent by Coleridge to her father were produced. In those days the grey goose quill was used for writing, and the poet had sent a bundle to be mended The letters are the acknowledgments. The first is truly laconic:

Oct. 7 1799

My dear Ward,
Thank you'

S. T. Coleridge.

This was followed by a quaintly-folded epistle in the shape of a pentagon. Here is the address:

To Mr Ward.

This pentagonal letter comes pencill'd as well as penned

The letter:

Most Exquisite Pennefactor,

I will speak dirt and daggers of the wretch who shall deny thee to be the most heaven-inspired munificent Penmaker that these latter times, these superficial, weak and evirtuate ages have produced to redeem themselves from ignominy! And ma[illegible]be, great Calamist who shall villipend or derogate from thy penmaking merits, do penance, and suffer penitential penalty, penned up in some penurious peninsula of penal fire, of penetrant fire, pensive and penduous, pending a huge slice of Eternity.

Were I to write till Pentecost, filling whole Pentateuchs, my grateful expressions [illegible] ld still remain merely a penumbra of my debt of gratitude.

Thine, S. T. Coleridge.

On the back of the letter was written: "Your messenger neither came or returns penniless."

The fact was that Ward never touched those pens—he was busy, and his clerk mended them—but later in the day he sent off a second batch cut by himself, with this note:

T. Ward, not having had time to mend the pens before, delegated that communication to Rd. Govett (the clerk aforesaid) but fearing their workmanship may not prove of so superior a kind as his own he now begs Mr. Coleridge's acceptance of these few pens which are his own manufacture and which he hopes will suit Mr. C——.

On a sheet of paper Coleridge wrote the following fable:

The Fox, the Goose and the Swan, a new fable.

The Fox observing a white bird on the lake thought it a goose, leapt in and meant to have payed his respect, but met such a rebuff, and had nearly made his fate similar to that of his namesake the celebrated Guy——. However he got off with a most profound respect for the supposed Goose, but soon received a message from the Goose to this purport.

Dear Friend! I have sent this hopping has ow u dun mee the onnur of a vissat sorry u dident hap to have meat with I. That dowdy

lanky necked thing that u saw is a disunt relashon of I's, and I suffers r to swim about the Pond when I is not at hum but I is at hum now and hop for the onnur of ure cumpany.

Your luving Frind

Guse.

The Fox came, and you guess the rest! The Fable I address to the writer of the above notable instance of Incapacity self detected.

Further experiments with the unfortunate quills were also most unsatisfactory, for Coleridge sent on the following day this stinging note to Mr. Ward:

Ward! I recant! I recant! Solemnly recant praise, puff, and panegyric on your damned pens. I have this moment read the note wrapped round your last present, and last night therefore wrote my Elegy on the assured belief that the first batch were yours, and before I had tried the second. The second! I'm sick on't Such execrable Blurrers of innocent white paper Villains with uneven lags, Hexameter and Pentameter Pens. Pens. Elegy. No, no, no, Elegies written with Elegiac pens. Elegies on my own thoughts doing penance in white sheets [illegible]

My rage prevents me from writing sense. But O Govatt, dear Govatt! Kick that spectacle-mongering son of a Pen-hatchet out of creation, and remain alone, from the date hereof, invested with the rank and office o. Penmaker to my immortal Bardship, with all the dignities and emoluments thereunto annexed.

Given from Apollo's temple in the odoriferous Lime Grove Street in what Olympiad our Inspiration knows not, but of the usurping Christian Aera 1799. Oct 8.

S. T. Coleridge

Govatt is expected to express his gratitude by an immediate present of half a dozen pens, amended—if indeed the reprobates be not incorrigible.

All too soon we left March Mills. We had to hasten, for the shadows were gathering fast on the hills. At the mouth of Seven Wells Coombe the air was charged with sweet scents—

Good Lord, how sweetly smells the honeysuckle
In the hush'd night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace, and love and gentleness.

Still deeper in the coombe there was profound silence—no sound save the bark of the fox and the cry of a wounded animal. Night came on apace, and it was a weird walk by Triscombe Stone in the darkness and adown the hill to the hospitable shelter of the farm below

---

AIR GONGS

A NEW instrument of torture for city dwellers is the air gong for trolley cars. By stepping on a valve the motorman can set the gong banging at the rate of eight hundred vigorous blows a minute—wholly beyond his most ambitious former efforts Compressed air from the same tank used for the airbrakes operates the hammer.

This new invention will be welcomed by the motormen, for truck drivers generally can clear the tracks for the trolleys by driving on the cartracks; and the motormen of cars coming along the tracks have had to express their annoyance by stamping on the gong at the expense of much energy

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gives a tough, elastic surface that resists wear and is lastingly beautiful. Washing with soap and water does not affect it

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It is always an anxious time with Mothers when it is advisable to wean the Baby, to know what is best to feed them on.

There is nothing better than

NEAVE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS

It is used in every part of the world, and has been the standard food in England for nearly 90 years.

It is the oldest, the cheapest, and still *the best.*

"231 Dorien Street,
Montreal, 30 June 1913.

Dear Sir:—

I received the sample of Neave's Food and can highly recommend it. My Mother used it for a family of 13 children—my wife is pleased with it. Our Baby is increasing daily in weight and she says all her friends shall know of the food.

Yours truly,
C. H. LEWIS."

NEAVE'S FOOD is sold in 1 lb. tins by all druggists.

FREE TO MOTHERS. Write for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of a valuable Book—"Hints About Baby" to Canadian Agent Edwin Utley, Wellington Street East, Toronto. 48
—S. J. R. Neave & Co., England.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

REVENANTS

Now and again
From over the Sea,
An odd book—a weird book
Finds its way to me.

EDGAR ALLEN POE has been reincarnated, and is again at his work in this old world making uncanny tales, in the person of Algernon Blackwood, who has been termed the laureate of the occult. He has crept from the shadow of the wings into the spotlight like one of his own ghosts, and the world is pausing in its song and dance to listen to him tell a Ten-minute Story.

Is your literary mind jaded? Then you will find in the work of this author an atmosphere of suspense and terror that will thrill you. Blackwood has written eight or nine strange books, and his "John Silence" has just been brought to this country. It is a weird book, the story of a Physician Extraordinary whose "cases" are the souls, not the bodies, of sinners. He is a master of the horrible, and his latest work—those little Ten-minute Stories—are brimful of the sort of thing that makes your hairs stir upon your head, and keeps you watching out of the corner of your eye the tantrums of the window curtain as it moves and swirls in the midnight wind.

Mr. Blackwood once lived in Canada. He worked on a farm here, edited a Methodist Magazine and superintended a dairy. He appears to be a Bart Kennedy type—a natural tramp, yet a poet, who loves the wind on the hills and hears voices whispering in the long grasses, and sees shuddering spirits amid the green branches of the trees. He claims no spot of earth as a home. All the world is his homing place; all he owns is three trunks and probably a typewriter. To-day he is in London—a week after in St. Petersburg—and a month later you may find him walking about the streets in Vancouver. He is like the mist the wind drives before it; like the sea fog that surrounds the gray, struggling ships; like spindrift or the long wraith-like clouds we see sometimes drifting rapidly across a clear sky. And yet—in appearance he is strikingly like Sir Edward Carson, the Irish firebrand, the man with the face of the fanatic, grim, large-eared, magnificent. Mr. Blackwood has, however, the saving feature of a sensitive and even humorous mouth which no ghost or fanatic we ever heard of had the good luck to possess.

MASTER OF ROSICRUCIANISM

THE author of "John Silence" believes in the ghosts of prenatal obsession. Here indeed is something for the Eugenics to prattle about. Of what use their mere material safeguarding of the race, if behind the Great Grey Veil there stalks a horrible procession of hideous things, malignant forces of nature, demoniac spirits which are ever seeking entrance through the portals of the unborn child's tiny body, to launch themselves again and again into the world where they torture and ruin and wreck poor human atoms. Even animal psychology—the souls of the cat and dog—are made themes of the ghost-poetry of this strange writer. Poe with his Black Cat and House of Usher stories seems tame beside him, this extraordinary maker of tales, who writes from the Caucasus such a story as the "Centaur," from the Jura Mountains, whence he sends us "Pan's Gardens," to the Dorset woods to find "Uncle Paul," and to the Alps to meet "A Prisoner in Fairyland."

It is, however, such tales as "The Deferred Appointment," "You May Telephone from Here," and "Violence,"

which reveal Mr. Blackwood's supreme gift of enthrall and expectation. You know that the deferred appointment must be one kept by a dead man after you read the first line or so. Are you going to drop the book? Not you. You are caught from the moment Jenkyn the photographer fixed the last hook of his shop shutter, to that when he saw the face in the camera; just as you know something is coming—something that will make you turn the page swiftly and with a nervous thrill when the ghostly telephone rings in the middle of the night, although the receiver is taken from the hook.

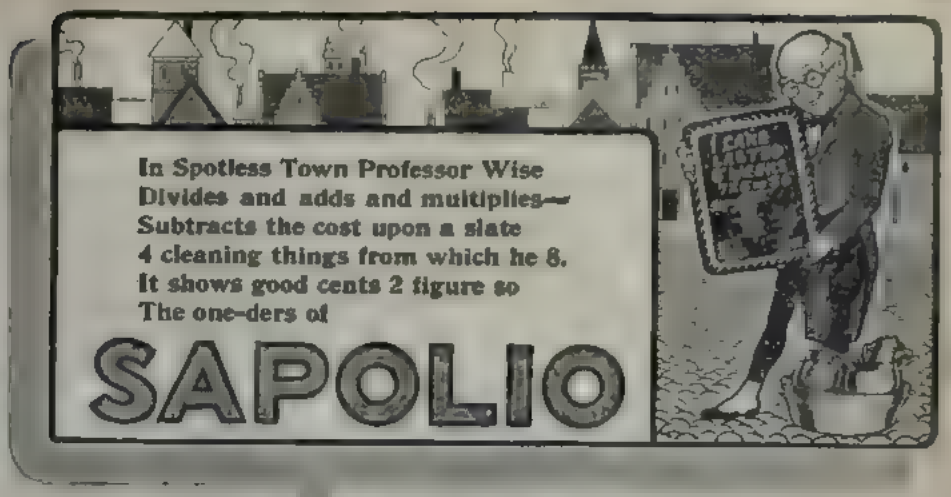
To Algernon Blackwood, the man himself, the world is thick with spirits. The spirit of evil walks among us, the posthumous subsistence of desire follows us on into the Other Land and returns through us, or rather through our dead and gone ancestors, to torment again with its raging passion another human. He deals with the terrible, the occult, the psychic. Some of the greatest minds of the world are obsessed by the same ideas. The age of mocking has gone by. He has but a thin soul who can stand and laugh in a world which to-day teems with surprises, with scientific achievement, a world which already has its hand on the curtain which divides it from that other—the world mystic, psychic and discarnate. I look at the grim, Carson-like face, the great domed head, the large eyes that seem to peer into spaces beyond these horizons, the saving sensitive mouth, and know that a great writer has come among us—an amazing dreamer, a poet, and an author of a literature of fantasy and horror before which the writings of Poe and Hoffman are but as a boy's scribbling upon a blackboard.

WHAT IS YOUR FAD?

IF you had a great deal of money would you spend any of it upon a fad, and if so, what fad? Not but what the poorest of us may keep a fad by us as a sort of household pet. We know a washerwoman whose fad is the useful one of collecting soap coupons. Whether she ever realizes on them, we cannot say, but it is our belief that kleptomania would overtake her if she saw soap coupons straying about in any home she "laundered" for. The old man, Bartly Quinn, who for tenpence a day and his dinner used to sow early vegetables in the family garden long ago in Connaught, was a collector of snails. Many's the dozen fat, wet, shiny ones the child-Pedlar gathered for him in the old days that were so young and happy!

"And what d'ye want with them, Bartly?"

"Shure, agra, I do be sellin' thim o the ould wimmin agin the wind."


In Spotless Town Professor Wise
Divides and adds and multiplies—
Subtracts the cost upon a slate
4 cleaning things from which he 8.
It shows good cents 2 figure so
The one-ders of
SAPOLIO

Will Sapolio
(1) CLEAN? ✓
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Answer—(1) YES. ✓

Show your maid how easily she can clean with Sapolio. Rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth.

Show her how quickly the Sapolio suds remove grease spots from the floor, table or shelves.

Answer—(2) YES. ✓

Sapolio quickly scours all stains and rust from steel kitchen knives—all grease from enamewar e.

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Sapolio brilliantly polishes all metal surfaces—your faucets, aluminum, tins and other metal kitchen ware, bathroom fixtures, etc.

Best of all, you know Sapolio cannot harm the smooth surfaces, or roughen your hands.

FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN!

DEAR CHILDREN:
WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU. A TOY SPOTLESS TOWN—JUST LIKE THE REAL ONE, ONLY SMALLER. IT IS 8½ INCHES LONG. THE NINE (9) CUNNING PEOPLE OF SPOTLESS TOWN, IN COLORS, ARE READY, TO CUT OUT AND STAND UP. SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Co., *Sole Manufacturer*
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Silver wrapper—blue band

You really feel clean after a wash with

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

It leaves an almost imperceptible but delightfully refreshing odour.

Protects from Infection. 12c. per Tablet.

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Only One to Each Customer

The Rapid Vacuum Washer takes the drudgery out of wash day as well as the dirt out of clothes. It is a snap to do a week's washing with the Rapid, and if you do not get one now at this low price you will be sorry when the **HOT WEATHER** comes

Weekly Wash Done in 3 Minutes

The "Rapid" will wash the heaviest blankets or the finest laces without chance [illegible] It washes a tub full of anything washable in 3 minutes and blue the whole family wash in 30 seconds

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Is the best and strongest made
Has been awarded prizes over 50 machines in competition
Is the lightest machine made
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Will save you many dollars a year by not wearing out your clothes
Is capable of washing anything from lace to carpets
Can be operated by a child of ten.
Will last a lifetime.
Will save you many hours of needless toil
Can be used equally well in boiler, pail or [illegible]
Can be dried with a cloth in ten seconds. (Nothing to take apart, nothing to lose)
Will do all we claim for it or we will return every cent of your money

NO MORE BOILING. NO MORE RUBBING YOU CAN THROW YOUR WASHBOARD AWAY

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Everyone has heard of Tanty the famous chef, who has cooked for nearly all the crowned heads of Europe We have just bought a whole edition of his illustrated Cook Book, regular price $1.00, and to encourage you to send for the Rapid Vacuum Washer **NOW**, we make the following offer:

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Agents Wanted

We have an exceptionally attractive proposition to offer enterprising men selling Cadillac Vacuum Cleaners. Address

CLEMENTS MFG. CO.

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"The wind! musha, what sort of a wind, Bartly?"

"The colic, asthore. A snail's shell in the pocket is a sure cure for the colic." And faith, one day we found one in our own grandmother's petticoat pocket

WOULD IT BE SPIDERS

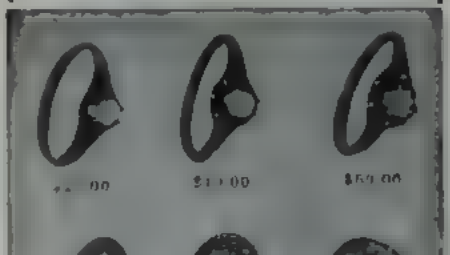
IF ever the Pedlar gets a trifle of cash together in his Pack—which he will not, the same ever being filled with trash—he would build himself an Entomo-Lodge and study insects Especially, spiders. As a casual student of spiders, we beg to offer the figure of the male spider as a crest for the militant suffragettes. An admirable figurehead for that superb cause he would make. We are the lucky possessor of a complete set of Fabre—that delightful entomologist—so full of charm and humour and the simplicity of the very great—the man who has been immortalized by the insect. They are going to build a statue to the old man in France now, though they let him almost starve for a long time, and decorated him with the legion d'honneur when his legs were trembling under him by reason of hunger.

And of all insects the spider has made Fabre. His book on him has just popped across the water to our Insectorium, and lo! our fad has taken possession of us this fine hot July morning after spending the best part of an hour watching the male spider tangoing before his grim lady-love in order to inspire her with admiration for his sprightly powers. The poor fellow does the most outlandish caperings, stretching his legs on one side of his body while doubling them on the other. Meanwhile the lady spider remains rooted to the spot. But she is not admiring him. She is sizing him up—his juiciness, his plumpness, his rotundity and general appearance as an appetizing article for afternoon high tea.

The poor fool capers and whirls and so tires himself out, which is exactly what his beloved wants him to do. By the time he reaches her, and engages her in the nuptial whirl, he is too fatigued to "warstle wi' her" and make his escape. So she eats her bridegroom up and looks out over her web for another unwary gallant. Once in a very long while the groom escapes He has to be very hardy, strong and active to manage it. When such occurs, the lady retreats in sullen mood to the centre of her web and seizes without mercy all the other young chaps who pass that way and begin the courting dance before her. No more marriages for her. She is a militant out to vote male spiders into her carcass, and fatten on the same. Man indeed! She has no use for such poor creatures except to hang them in the

ENGAGEMENT RINGS

Diamonds of high quality and brilliance, in finely proportioned 14k gold platinum tipped settings. They are the best value obtainable



WEDDING RINGS

Our rings are perfect in form and color. They are made of 18k gold without joints and hardened by a special process, ensuring the hardest wearing quality.

Size card sent to any address.

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Better than a "Hired Girl"

Look for the Trade Mark

KNECHTEL KITCHEN KABINET REGISTERED

No servant could be half so helpful as a KNECHTEL KITCHEN KABINET or save the housewife as much work and worry. This kitchen cabinet contains everything needed in one place and cuts a woman's work to one half. Fitted with bins, jars, drawers, etc., for [illegible] everything [illegible] have to [illegible] right there in Port Office [illegible]

A Knechtel Kitchen Kabinet

makes a big improvement in the aspect of your kitchen and saves you work, worry and money

Write for Booklet "M" and choose the style you prefer

Sold by Best Furniture Stores in Every Town and City.

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Ltd.

HANOVER - ONTARIO

larder until it is time to eat them. He who cannot get away after a courtship is lost. The female of the spider species is in every case deadlier than the male.

WHY NOT A ROYAL GOVERNOR?

LATELY some politicians—extraordinary people! voiced as a grievance the announcement of another royal prince as Governor-General-to-be of this proud Dominion of ours, after the departure of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught. One or two even spoke of the thing as a menace to the democracy of Canada. No governor since Dufferin has endeared himself more to the Canadians than the simple kindly gentleman, Queen Victoria's only surviving son. The Duke of Connaught was adored in Ireland even in the most agitated times of that "disthressful counthry." He never made his appearance in Dublin without meeting a roar of cheers and Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning from regimental band and street boy's mouth organ. I remember whacking a little gossoon with the handle of my umbrella for adding to the general uproar one day in Stephen's Green when the Fusiliers were marching and the "Irish" Duke with them. The housemaids ran out in their caps and aprons to look at him, and say what a fine upstanding man he was. Believe me, it will take some quick marching on the part of his successor to keep up with His Highness of Connaught.

As to Democracy! Like Bart Kennedy, we once believed intensely in it—and do in a measure still—but this government for the people by the people—as practised in the great Republic to the south of us—is distinctly humourous. Individual liberty and Democracy do not make a good team. Democracy will tell you that such things as hunger and poverty exist not where it rules. In democratic lands the capitalist is a philanthropic gentleman who would lose his sleep if he thought there was such a thing as sweating the worker. What some of our good politicians in Canada apparently fear is Snobocracy, in other words that Royal Governorships will breed cads. As though we have not always had the snob and the cad—poor paltry beings—with us! As if they were not in every community! As if they did not fatten and flourish in democratic countries most of all!

"LAR POOR LAR"

POLAIRE, the *jolie-laide* of the stage, says that all women should be married but no men. Precisely our own idea, but then how are the marriages to be made for all the women? We must leave it to the woman with the smallest waist in the world to

MANITOBA

The Home of Mixed Farming—
The Market-Centre Province
of Western Canada

As a common-sense business proposition, no man who is intending to take up a farm in Western Canada can afford to overlook Manitoba in picking his location.

Think for a minute. It is the Oldest Settled province, which is another way of saying that it has steadied down to a solid financial basis as the MARKET CENTRE for the entire West. Winnipeg is the Metropolis, and no matter how many spokes are placed in the Wheel of Progress—no matter how the rim is widened the Hub will still be the Hub. Winnipeg has got too much of a head-start ever to be outsted from her present position.

The man whose farm is located in Manitoba, on Winnipeg's doorstep, has the shortest haul to market, the lowest railway rates, the best railway service. It has been estimated that the difference in dollars and cents in actual saving to the Manitoba farmer [illegible] ranges from $1 80 to $3 20 per acre per year.

Do you know that wheat is ripe in Manitoba about 18 days earlier than anywhere else; that oats are ripe from 10 to 20 days earlier, that barley is ripe from 11 to 22 days earlier? Do you see that this means the Manitoba crops are away to market before grain congestion clogs the transportation channels and while the market price is at the top?

Manitoba farming is farming under ideal natural conditions. No irrigation whatever. Yet the greatest rainfall comes after seeding, when it is most needed; it does not interfere with field preparations, the ripening process or the harvesting.

The market opportunity for dairy and all manner of food products in Manitoba is made of money. The income that can be realized from ten or twenty cows in Manitoba is several times as large as the earning capacity of the average clerk or office employee. Manufactured creamery butter increased 1,000,000 lbs in 1913 while the increase in milk consumed was nearly 3,000,000 lbs.; but there is no hope of the supply catching up to the demand in any branch of farming.

Rural telephones, good schools the finest Agricultural College on the continent the most progressive policy of agricultural instruction—these are a very few of the factors that point to MANITOBA as the proper location for your farm. Your opportunity lies in the fact that there is still plenty of room for thousands more, whether you are looking for improved lands at advantageous prices or for the free gift of a homestead.

WRITE AT ONCE for literature and specific infor a [illegible]
Ask any questions you like.

HON. GEORGE LAWRENCE
MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND IMMIGRATION
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The Best of all Remedies for Children.

From Mr. H. [illegible]

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

Quickly relieves the pain and distress caused by the numerous familiar ailments of ch[illegible]

For [illegible]
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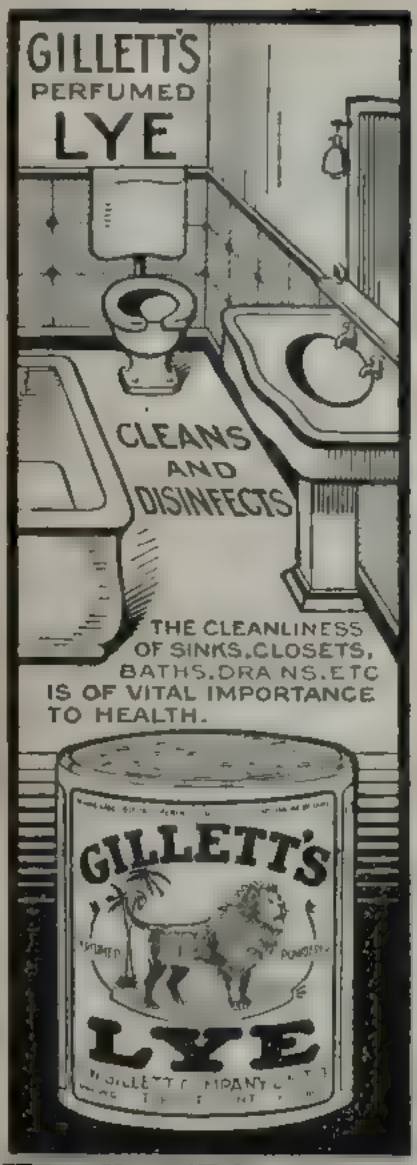
Of any Druggists Be sure it's WOODWARD'S



PROBABLY

—you don't want a "lampshade" dress—but you do want your clothes to be stylish and charming—then consider how much you can add to them by the use of pleating—a pleated tunic, for instance. There are innumerable ways to use pleating, and it's the most inexpensive way to distinction in your dress

We are equipped to handle any kind of pleating whatever, as well as scalloping, hemstitching, making covered buttons, etc.

Every order will be right on time, too.

Write for our booklet of prices

TORONTO PLEATING COMPANY
Dept. G. TORONTO 4

arrange. Polaire, who has a large head and face, by the way: and a foot that the Fat Woman in the side show need not despise, would marry if she could find the perfect husband. Since that work of art does not exist, she would be content with a composite man. He should love like a Frenchman, (Nom Dieu!) attend to business like an American, and dress like an Englishman. The Frenchman should be for the boudoir, the American for the office and the Englishman for the promenade.

A woman should marry when she can, a man when he—can't avoid it. The woman should wed when she has the world before her, the man when he has left the flesh and the devil behind him. Who would want such a dried out, spiritless, undigestive sort of husband? Why, even a lady spider would refuse to lunch off a lover so meagre and emasculated.

Nor do we think Mlle. Polaire would be satisfied with any such apology for a man. Only the other day she smacked the face of an old "satyre" who had been making love to her in too pacific a manner. Like all artistes, she does not believe in being "the half" of anyone, even a "worser" half. To be frank—all these women who call themselves "artistes" seem to be keener on marrying than any others. Most of them have jumped in and out of wedlock three times, but every one of them from Bernhardt down—believes that because she is an "artiste" she can do pretty well as she pleases, married or single.

"We live for our art alone," you will hear them gush if it is your privilege, as it is the Pedlar's, to drop into the Green Room and sympathize with the poor things. "An artiste must be complete in herself!" Oh, you Billie Burke Ziegfeld! oughtn't you to be ashamed of yourself, after all the sweet nothings you poured in our ears once, longer ago than either of us care to remember, about marriage and the "artiste."

BRITAIN'S GREATEST STATESMAN

ASIDE from party opinion of any kind, we must admit that Mr. Asquith is as brilliant a statesman as ever Britain—whose parliamentary crown has been set with jewels of men—possessed. Whether he pilots the ship of Home Rule on her stormy passage into port, we cannot know at this writing, but we may predict that he will. For a long time the Prime Minister of England was thought to be too cautious and timid to adventure ever upon any striking policy.

Men thought of him as rather a staid, studious, unsympathetic sort of man, who would very well captain the Ship of State while she rode seas that were calm, but who was no man to rule when the tempest arose, and the great winds tore across seas political, and ahead boomed the great black rock of Home Rule. The world has learned differently. It has discovered that here is a man of cool judgment, indomitable will, and an activity of intellect which is quick to grasp any political complication that might at any moment arise. Witness the wise agility with which he stepped into the empty, but yet warm, shoes of the Secretary for War when all that Army flutter arose, and high officials were reported as resigning every hour.

Mr. Asquith's greatest gift, according to the immortal "Tay Pay," is his capacity for attracting the loyalty and friendship of those with whom he works. He is no iron Wellington—no heartless Napoleon, no chief of austere and distant personality, but a friendly man with a sense of humour. It was once our privilege to meet Mr. Asquith, and his resemblance to one whom we loved was so marked that there was nothing else to do but to like him at once. This may account for our eulogium here. But only for a small part of it. In a crowd, you would notice Mr. Asquith, if he was only sitting quiet in a corner. He has that mighty god-gift of a fine personality and distinction. The manliness of him appeals greatly to a woman—a real woman, not a militant lady. He is chivalrous in a great degree, but he has no use for the forward, bold feminism of the day. His literary taste is severe and philosophic. So is his mind. But he has a big heart—well fenced about.

A FIRST-CLASS FIGHTING MAN

YOU cannot but admire Sir Edward Carson—the iron-jawed opponent of Mr. Asquith—He has the face of the fanatic—of a Savonarola or a Torquemada. He is a typical North of Ireland man who was—by some misstep of Fate—born in Dublin. For he is Ulsterman plus Orangeman with a little to spare. You cannot associate him with sentiment, and yet what is it but sentiment that has actuated him throughout the restlessness of the Home Rule debates? When you sit down to think of it, it is sentiment that swings the pendulum of the world's clock. Carson always seemed to us an intellectual sort of a Jack London, by which we mean a red-meat, wine-without-water man. We should hate to ask favors of this hatchet-faced being with the heavy-lidded eyes, the aggressive jaw, and the terrible drooping lips. Nor would we fancy ourselves sitting in a sunny corner of the garden reading poetry to him. He reminds us of no one more than the conquered chief of the Apaches—old Geronimo—whose

wet, flabby handshake belied the bitter stare of hatred in his eyes the night we met him.

I should think Sir Edward Carson would stare like that in the faded blue eyes of the gentlest of Popes, the peasant-king of the Vatican. A cynical fellow, too, Sir Edward, yet not without his rough, funny side. He has that touch of kindliness—even sweetness—all who are born in the Fairyland of Erin have. Some call it the blarney—others, natural courtesy. If a woman fell in love with Sir Edward, she would go far for him. He has the cave man's attraction for us. Were we a Sabine maiden we would run but feebly before the Roman, Carson. There is a coarse fibre in his nature which, too, is not without its attraction. We do not mean coarse in the vulgar or unmoral sense at all—but a sort of rough strength of mind and soul—a recklessness which one can hardly fail to admire. Above all he is "a first class fighting man."

I think Ulster adopted her own when she took this Dublin boy to her bosom. The Ulster cuckoo had dropped an egg in the nest of the Leinster thrush. And the thrush raised the birdling. Then Ulster promptly came along and claimed her own. This accounts for the saying of the man at the Cross-Roads the other day—

"I'm a Home Ruler, born an' bred," says he, "but bedad that man Carson dhraws me afther him half the time. Bad luck from me, but I'd kill little Redmond if he laid a hand on him!"

RAINY DAY SAINTS

JULY is Saint Swithin's month. The myth falls like the far off echo of the old world; yet though its repetition is little more than mechanical—like Saint Valentine's Day—it is still referred to when the day comes round. You will find it recorded on most calendars thus:—July 15th (St. Swithin's Day)—which will remind you to take your umbrella along when you go out to market for the household.

The fable has a simple and devout air which entitles it to respect, all because a bishop is bound up with it. Being a very humble man, the good Bishop Swithin of Winchester desired that he might be buried in the common burial ground of his Minster, in order that the rain might fall upon his grave and the wayfarer walk over it. He was so buried: but in order to canonize him they had to dig him up in order to place him in a shrine inside the church—which was exactly what the good Bishop did not want. On a certain fifteenth of July in the tenth century, the monks gathered for this purpose. But it began to rain, and it rained the next day, and the next, and the day after, and for forty days—

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SWEATER COATS

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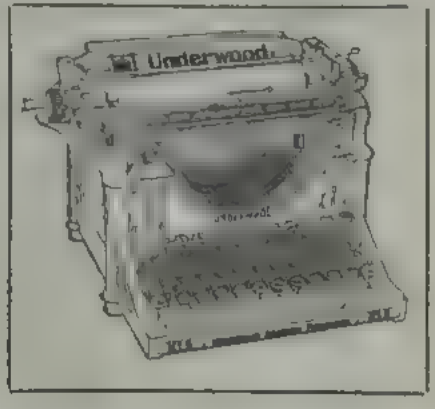

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IT is made in thirty models, at prices from $130 to $1500—and providing for every requirement of recording, accounting and statistical work.

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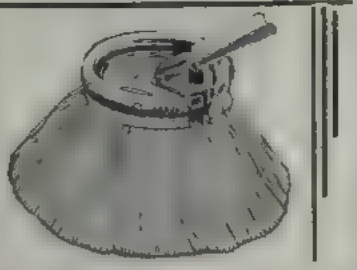

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Polish

the longer you will have hard unnecessary work

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so they left the Bishop in his plot of earth and abandoned the idea of transplanting him, taking the constant rain as a sign of his displeasure.

But if it rains on the fifteenth of July or any other you may happen to be here for, gather in a clean earthenware vessel what drops you may. It is the specific for sore eyes—according to the Saint's Calendar—and its curative power is infallible. Other countries followed England's lead, as, indeed, they have a fashion of doing to-day. In Holland, a lady fills the office on July 6th. In Germany the Seven Sleepers Day occurs on the 27th—and if it rains it will continue to rain for forty long days. St. Martin is the Scot's St. Swithin, but his legend is lost in a Scotch mist—and we have no rainy day saint in Ireland because every day is a wet day there. Canada is too young and far too practical to mother a legend of any sort, except of the Indian brand, so we are safe from rainy devastation until the coming of the second Flood which is slated to begin in the Garden of Eden and wipe away the world, its laughter, its sins, and its sad tears

HOT AIR PROVERBS

WE have just finished a proverb competition in our town, and it was noticeable that in the catalogue given out to help dull students of the game, the Jamaica proverbs found no place. They are gloomy sayings, the output of a slavish population. It is difficult to find one of them dealing with love or friendship. Yet there are many cute and quaint sayings which the puzzle people would do well to pick up and make pictures of. For instance:—"The rat eats the cane, and the innocent lizard dies for it." "The cockroach never gets justice when the chicken is judge." "Cockroach eber so drunk he no walk past fowlyard." "He who advises you to buy a big bellied horse will not help you to feed him." "A man is not known till he marries." The latter has an odd derivation. It seems that in the old buccaneer days, it was the habit to drop the surname while plying a nefarious trade. But when a pirate married he took good care to insert his more or less aristocratic real name in the register—thereby turning over a new leaf—the leaf of the marriage register There is another reason—the true one—one which every woman knows: viz., that a man's real littleness or greatness comes out after the honeymoon has waned. Then it is that she knows him.

ANOTHER TIME

LONG into the night we sat discussing Swedenborg and a magazine story. In the story two men had been hurt in a motor smash—the one fatally.

THE MOST POPULAR PERFUME IN DAILY USE

INDISPENSABLE ON EVERY DRESSING-TABLE

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

Always be sure to look for our Trade Mark on the neck of the bottle.

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Wouldn't an iron fence of attractive design and staunch quality be an ornamental and beneficial addition to your lawn?

We can sell you iron fence of quality and good looks for as little as 30 cents per foot. It's worth your while to write about it.

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We ship on approval to any address in Canada, without any deposit and allow **10 DAYS' TRIAL.** It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied after using bicycle 10 days.

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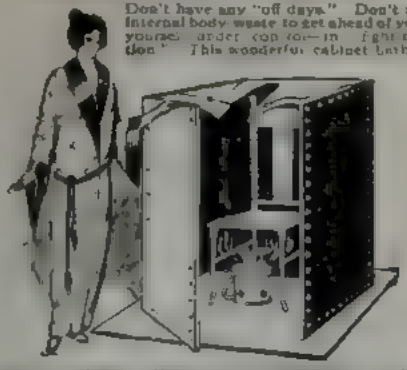
EVERY bit as refreshing and a great deal more convenient and satisfying than the kind you pay $2 or $3 for in Turkish Bath Establishments



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just by having the system receive careful attention to the needs of your body. You will also increase your vigor in health, strength and the good looks that go with them.

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He, the dead man, sat up after awhile and noticed the little group about the car looking for something with lanterns. He heard his own name, and lying down quietly waited for them to come for him. But the searchers passed him by after placing a coat over his face. "He is past his trouble," they said, "Let us find the living man." "But I am not dead!" cried the dead man—"Why I am here, alive, can't you see me?" Only the sighing wind answered

We lighted our bedroom candle. "Another time, old man," we said. "Look, it is near the dawn-hour—" And then, walking tiredly up the steps towards our haven near the top of the old pear tree, came Aldrich:—

Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept
In Twilight-land—in No man's land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one a-gape,
Shuddering in the gleaming light,
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

At this moment a gust of wind blew the candle out.

FROCKS

On a bright spring morning Adam and Eve were taking a stroll through the shady bowers of the Garden of Eden.

"My dear," said Adam, continuing the discussion of the fashions likely to be in vogue for the following fall season, "what system of dressmaking do you favor?"

"Well," replied Eve, thoughtfully, "they all have their merits, but the loose leaf system is good enough for me."

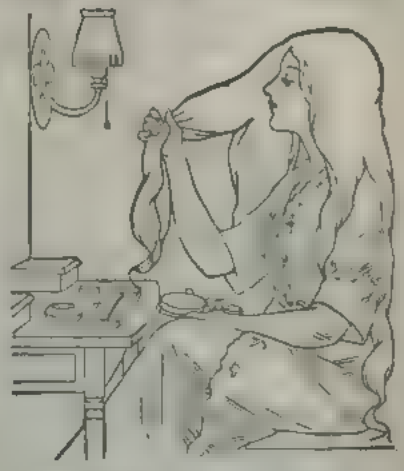
The Moose of "Dear T'ing"

Continued from page 184

as Louis gave us while we waited for our moose. I know things—bear with my pride, dear, I *know* things that I couldn't have learned as perfectly anywhere else in the world. Yes, they're about foxes and bears, about birds that fly and fish that swim, but they are beautiful things, subtle, wonderful things

All at once Louis announced that he would "mak' de call." He made it, and incidentally, made us jump "Wait, he t'row it back at me pretty soon. Ba gosh, dere's t'under for you! He is mad clear t'rough. Lis'en! Lis'en! Dere he go again—dat's fine ol' bull."

Why worry About Your Hair



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Mothers should give only the well-known

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See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

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DURABLE—Fire grates are three-sided; last three times as long. Shaped in the

McClary's

Sunshine

Furnace to grind up clinkers when "rocked". See the McClary dealer or write for booklet. 32

A Father's Soliloquy--

No. 3.

The Family's Future

"They are enjoying themselves now, and I shall see to it that they shall always enjoy themselves.

If anything should happen—

Nothing material can happen: My policies in The London Life Insurance Company afford ample protection.

It is a safe and economically-managed Company—one of the most reliable financial institutions in the world."

Invest in a London Life Policy—you'll never regret it. Send for our literature and learn for yourself just why London Life Policies are worth investigating.

This places you under no obligation—our agent will call on appointment.

POLICIES "GOOD AS GOLD"

The London Life Insurance Company

LONDON - CANADA

63

"Don't you know de grey owl singin', from de beeg moose w'en he's ringin' out his challenge?" quoted Peter who wasn't half excited enough to suit me.

"Keep still, he soon be along." We all settled back among the leaves and brush. Soon, I grew so tired I couldn't help fidgetting; but the two youngsters, Louis and Joan, acted as if they never meant to move again. Peter, stretching out a cramped leg, broke a twig. Louis muttered a *sacre* under his breath. The silence soaked into us, inoculated us until we wouldn't have spoken had we dared. Then another call, a crash of dead timber, and straight toward us came the big moose. Peter, who was to have had first chance at him, sat staring stupidly. Seeing that he did not mean to shoot, Louis raised his rifle. I shut my eyes and waited the report. It did not come. Instead there was a delighted scream from Joan. "Oh, see the ma moose. and the little moose! Don't hurt them, Louis. Please don't kill any but the big one, and oh, don't kill him either. Please Louis, dear Louis!"

Simultaneously with these shrill clamorings came a snort of mingled fear and defiance, a crash of boughs, a sound of light footed headlong flight—then the kind of stillness you can't stand

"See w'at you do now, Dear T'ing." Louis' voice is heavy with reproach. 'Me, I tak' you no more wit' me to mak' de hunt."

"For two cents I'd spank you," roared her father." You little spoil sport!"

"Sho! It mak' no matter," cried Louis lightly. "De moose he get away, but nobody is hurt. W'at if my bullet fin' Dear T'ing w'en she run to me so queeck I can't turn. Gosh! My heart it jomp high and heavy lak' bear in a trap."

"You'd have brought him down all right," grumbled Peter.

"Sure t'ing," he bragged, "but nobody hurt, an' I don't geev a dam'. Boss—so dere! Come," gathering Joan in his free arm and starting back to camp. "Tell me w'at you t'ink of Mrs. Moose and de calf. Ain't he de sorryful hom'ly t'ing dat calf, eh? W'at! You lak him, dat calf? Wall! He's nice leetle feller if you say so, b'gosh!"

This ended our first day's hunt, and though we brought home no spoil we wouldn't have missed it for the world. Peter shot a deer a few days later, and gave a recital of the feat every time we ate venison.

The sun has gone out of sight, the glow of it out of the air. The warmth and shine of the campfire are grateful cozening things. I wish you were here. Louis is frying prairie chickens

with the bacon, and the aroma is delicious. We'll eat stale bread with the chicken, and revel—revel is the word—in a dessert of cranberries that leaves your mouth puckered in a knot, and tea strong enough to bear the proverbial wedge. And we'll sleep like children who have been at a picnic, and played themselves tired. Good-night, sweet Coz.

BETTY BLUE

P. S.—Peter has never forgiven himself for being too scared (he calls it surprised) to shoot his first moose. He is over by the fire cleaning his gun, and by the grim set of his jaw I opine he is going out after that noble animal without fear or favor. Mr. Moose better look out—a man is terribly in earnest when seeking to re-capture his self-esteem. BETTY.

Kirsty MacFarlane's Cow

Continued from page 186.

whether to tell ye or not. I don't know whether ye'll be caring to give me.

'Give ye,' he says, 'I'll give it ye, even if I have to send to the States for it.'

"'Well, Sandy,' I says, 'I would like'—and I wass afraid to ask him, altho' I did hear that he gave his brother Donald a big diamond pin that cost sefen hundred dollars, just to stick in hiss tie, and diamond ring that wass four hundred dollars, to hiss brother Archie, just to wear on hiss little finger. But of course, they're hiss brothers. So I says, 'Sandy, I'm afraid ye might not be wanting—

"'Oh, Aunt Kirsty,' says he, 'Don't you hear me sayin' I'll get it for ye no matter what it costs or how far I have to send for it?'

"'So I says, 'Sandy, I've always wanted—would ye mind buyin' me, for myself, —would ye mind getting me just—just a bit of a cow?'"

And Sandy had given commands that "the finest in the land" should be obtained for Aunt Kirsty. Within two weeks there came by special car addressed to "Miss Christena Mac Farlane, care of Adam Wilson," a cow, "just a bit of a cow" for it was a Jersey, and a highly pedigreed one at that. It had cost enough money to buy a stable full of cows such as then were bred around Cedardale, had cost in fact more that Donald's diamond pin or anybody else's jewelled gifts,—no less than seven hundred and fifty dollars. Adam Wilson put the treasure in the stable and sent word to Aunt Kirsty. Aunt Kirsty came, looked at the cow, but said nothing. Two weeks more passed slowly by and

They buy it for what it does. That's why the Ford is servant of more than 530,000. It holds the world's record for all 'round dependability. And it's the lightest—the strongest—the most economical car on the market. And don't forget the service.

$600 for the runabout ; $680 for the touring car and $900 for the town car—f. o. b. Ford, Ontario, complete with equipment. Get catalogue and particulars from any branch or from Ford Motor Co., Ltd., Ford, Ontario.

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A thin coating of pure, refined

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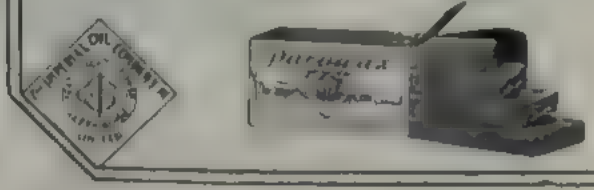

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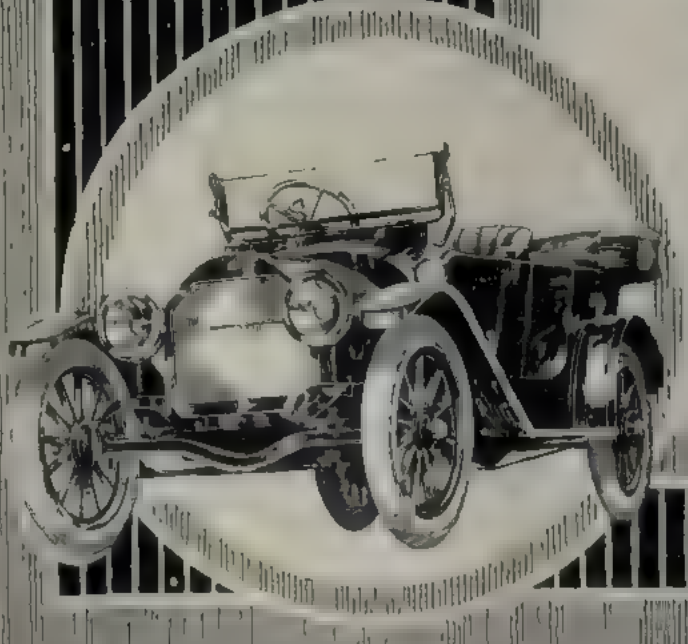

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$1,250 Completely equipped $1,425 with electric starter and generator

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Distributors of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys Utility Trucks.

Wilson waited for Aunt Kirsty's instructions as to the disposal of Sandy's gift.

"Iss Mr. *Mac*Wilson in?" was the enquiry which floated in slow and ponderous tones to the bank manager's ears one morning as he sat in his office, wondering whether he hadn't better send to Aunt Kirsty and ask whether she didn't want the cow driven over to a pasture-field somewhere near her cottage.

"Mr. MacWilson," queried Kirsty, after being comfortably seated near the manager's desk, "Mr. MacWilson, do I haf to keep Sandy's cow?"

"Why, Miss MacFarlane," began the banker, "you can easily pasture the cow in Brown's field next to the cottage, so that you can have her handy for milking, and before winter time, I'm sure, Donald and Archie will build a nice little place——" and then seeing that he was on the wrong track, he stopped to ask in a puzzled tone, "Why, Miss MacFarlane—Aunt—Aunt Kirsty, what's the matter! Don't you want to keep her? Didn't you want a cow?"

Oh, yess!" heartily responded Aunt Kirsty. "But Mr. MacWilson, – it isn't just the kind of a cow I wass wantin'."

Adam Wilson's shrewdness rescued him from his previous bewilderment and he smilingly suggested that the matter could be adjusted to Miss MacFarlane's satisfaction. With the assistance of Sutherland, he was able to dispose of the Jersey to advantage, buy for thirty dollars one of Brown's big red "moolleys," and thus give Aunt Kirsty not only the "bit of a cow" she was wanting, but also place to her credit a very nice little bank account.

The Eyes of the Law

Continued from page 178

he'll carry your mark to his grave. You made an awful mess of his face, boy."

"For Heaven's sake, Hobart, tell me something about it," I said somewhat peevishly.

"There isn't anything to tell, except that part of the story leaked out. Calm yourself, the girl's name wasn't mentioned, but the papers got a smattering of Derwent giving a dinner and saying something uncomplimentary about a woman. Enter hero Cragg, biff! bang!! smash!!! You know what Paris papers are. You're more of an attraction than Mlle. Gabrielle herself."

"And Ethel—Miss Marston?"

Hobart shook his head. "I haven't had the pleasure of seeing your Helen; but a courier, whom I have been creditably informed is hers, knocks every day at your door to enquire about monsieur."

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Since Our Reductions, 18 Makes Cost You More Than Goodyears

The facts are these:

No-Rim-Cut tires, because of costly features, used to cost one-fifth more than other standard tires.

Yet they excelled so far that they soon outsold any other tire in the world, as they do today.

With mammoth output came lower factory cost. Our overhead cost in Canada was also materially reduced. New machinery, new efficiency, brought costs down and down.

This, with reduction in rubber cost, meant a drop in Canada-made All-Weather treads. Prices reached a point which other makers of good tires do not care to reach.

Now 18 American and Canadian anti skid makes sell higher than Goodyear prices—some almost one-half higher. And every tire user wants to know what justifies these prices.

Our answer is this:

Those higher prices can't be justified in any way whatever.

We have had scores of experts working to find ways to better No-Rim-Cut tires. And they all agree that these tires mark the present-day limit in low cost per mile.

Then No-Rim-Cut tires have four costly features found in no other tire. One makes rim-cutting impossible. One saves countless blow-outs, and it adds to our manufacturing cost immensely.

One lessens by 60 per cent. the danger of loose treads. And one is our double thick All-Weather tread.

Mark this. Not another tire at any price has one of these costly features.

Lower prices are easily explained. Higher prices lack a single shred of basis save smaller out-put or a larger profit.

Those are the facts. You don't care to pay for chimerical advantage, and extra price buys nothing else.

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NO-RIM-CUT TIRES
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

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All that day, and the next, and the next, I sat in my chair drawing good omens from Ethel's enquiries, and chafing bitterly at my slow progress. On the fourth day I insisted on having my mail. Hobart hesitated about giving me the rather formidably big package, but I fussed over it at such a rate, in self defence he gave it to me; and so went off for a walk

Life looked a good deal darker to me when I finished those letters and I glanced at myself in the mirror, and was horrified to see how ghastly I had grown during my confinement. I was making a desperate effort to get my things together preparatory to sailing on the first boat out, when Hobart returned. There was a couple of hours of hurried telephone calls to express men, looking up sailings and so on, Hobart in the meantime cursing me with every spare breath and telling me what a silly fool I was to let a small matter like a legal document that told me I was no longer the possessor of eighty thousand a year to stand between me and the girl I loved. His arguments were so forceful that I finally consented to call and thank her for her inquiries during my illness. I turned cold at the thought of the interview, for now that things were settled and there was no longer any hope of retaining my income, it was of course out of the question to tell her I cared. The beastly part of it was I cared so much that I couldn't trust myself to say goodby to her alone. I prayed for the sphinx to be present.

The minute I entered I knew I was done for. Ethel's face was radiant, and her greeting of: "Oh, Sidney, why did you do it for me?" took my second wind.

Something similar to what happened at Derwent's dinner must have occurred, for my next intelligent moment was hearing Ethel gasp, "You old dear, and I loved you so all the time." It dawned on me that I, Sidney Cragg, minus eighty thousand a year had been holding Ethel very tight and,—well she didn't seem to mind.

"You don't know what you are doing, Ethel," I said at last, "for I haven't anything but myself to offer you. I told you I was sailing at once. My reason is, I got word from my lawyers that the Martindale woman has beaten me, consequently she will enjoy the fortune that was mine, and that I had hoped to make yours."

Ethel drew herself out of my arms and with a tragic little half-frightened air, said, "Sidney, I am that Martindale woman. Won't you please not let that troublesome old money stand between us, and forget that I deceived you. But when you rescued me that day in Rome, and I found you didn't dream who I was, well I—I—I just let you call me Miss Marston, but I supposed Mr. Hobart told you who I was, because when you were so ill, and I couldn't stand it I dragged poor Auntie over to your rooms, and told him all about it." She rushed this all out in one breath like a penitent child.

"No, dear, Hobart didn't tell me. Thank Heaven he was wise enough to leave it to you. But I shall punish you by getting rid of the terrible Mrs. Martindale as soon as I can persuade the dear old sphinx-like aunt that she needs another nephew."

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In the Wake of the Columns

Continued from page 192

baby to bed, and gave her some coffee.

I went up to the officers' club just after sunset, and met Poropulos coming down.

He almost passed me, for he was in a terrible rage, and was muttering to himself in some tongue I could not understand.

I would have let him go, but he saw me and stopped.

"Oh, here you are!" he almost spat the words in his anger. "That dog Lioski . . ."

He was about to say something but checked himself. I think it was about Lillian that he intended to speak at first, but he changed the subject to some other grievance he had. "I was brought before the magistrate this morning and fined £100 for selling field-force tobacco . . . My club will be ruined—Lioski informed the police—by——!"

He was incoherent in his passion. I gather that he had been engaged in some shady business, and that Lioski had detected him. He almost danced before me in the rain.

"Shylock dies to-night," he said, and waved his enemy out of the world with one sweep of his hand. "He dies to-night—I am weary of him—for eighteen—nineteen years I have known him, and he's dirt right through——"

He went on without another word, and I stood on the slope of the hill watching him as he disappeared in the direction of the town.

I dined at the club, and went straight back to the house where I had left my wife. She was sleeping—but the baby was dead. Poor little mortal! I owed it no grudge, but I was glad when they told me.

All the next day I sat by her bed listening to Lillian's mutterings, for she was very ill. I suffered all the tortures of a damned soul, sitting there, for she spoke of Lioski—"Arthur" she called him—prayed to him for mercy—begged for another chance—told him she loved him . . .

I was late for dinner at the club. There was a noisy crowd there. Young Harvey of my own regiment had had too much to drink, and I avoided his table.

My hand shook as I poured out a glass of wine, and somebody remarked on it.

"Fever, major?"

I shook my head.

I did not see Poropulos until the dinner was half way through. Curiously enough, I looked at the clock as he came in, and the hands pointed to half past eight.

The Greek was steward of the club, and was serving the wine. He was calm, impassive, remarkably serene, I thought. He exchanged jokes with the officers who were grumbling that they had had to wait for the fulfilment of their orders.

"It was ten to eight when I ordered this," grumbled one man.

Then, suddenly, Harvey, who had been regarding Poropulos with drunken gravity, pointed downward.

"He's changed his boots," he said, and chuckled.

Poropulos smiled amiably, and went on serving

"He's changed his boots!" repeated Harvey, concentrating his mind upon trivialities as only a drunken man can.

The men laughed.

"Oh, dry up, Harvey!" said somebody

"He's changed——"

He got no further. Through the door came a military policeman, splashed from head to foot with mud

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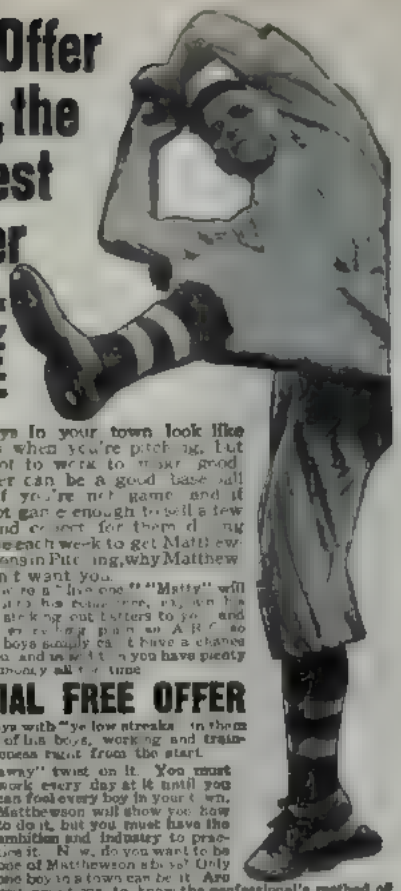

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But if you're a "live one," "Matty" will take you into his confidence, tell you his secrets of sticking out batters to you, and show you exactly how to pitch. So the other boys simply can't have a chance against you, and you'll find you have plenty of pocket money all the time.

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To earn to be a real pitcher takes nerve and work. Boys with "yellow streaks" in them aren't worth Matthewson's time. If you want to be one of his boys, working and training under him, you have got to show him your gameness right from the start.

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he demanded. "There's been a man murdered."

"Soldier?" asked a dozen voices.

"No, sir—storekeeper, name of Lioski—shot dead half an hour ago."

I do not propose to tell in detail all that happened following that.

Two smart C. I. D. men came down from Johannesburg, made a few inquiries, and arrested Poropulos.

He was expecting the arrest, and half an hour before the officers came he asked me to go to him.

I spent a quarter of an hour with him, and what we said is no man's business but ours. He told me something that startled me—he loved Lillian, too. I had never guessed it, but I did not doubt him. But it was finally for Lillian's sake that he made me swear an oath so dreadful that I cannot bring myself to write it down—an oath so unwholesome, and so against the grain of a man that life after it could only be a matter of sickness and shame.

Then the police came and took him away.

Lioski had been shot dead in the store by some person who had walked in when the store was empty, at a time when there was nobody in the street. This person had shot the Jew dead and walked out again. The police theory was that Poropulos had gone straight from the club, in the very middle of dinner, had committed the murder, and returned to continue his serving, and the crowning evidence was the discovery that he had changed his boots between 7.30 and 8.30. The mud-stained boots were found in a cellar, and the chain of evidence was completed by the statement of a trooper who had seen the Greek walking from the direction of the store, 8.10, with a revolver in his hand.

Poropulos was cheerful to the last.

Cheerful through the trial, and through the dark days of waiting in the fort at Johannesburg. I was with him on the morning of the execution.

"I confess nothing," he said to the Greek priest. He was smoking a last cigarette. "I hated Lioski, and I am glad he is dead, that is all. It is true that I went down to kill him, but I was too late."

When they had pinioned him he turned to me.

"I have left my money to you," he said. "There is about four thousand pounds. You will look after her."

"That is the only reason I am alive," I said.

"Did you murder Arthur Lioski?" said the priest again.

"No," said Poropulos, and smiled as he went to his death.

And what he said was true, as I know. I shot Lioski.

Practical Idealists

Continued from page 169.

that it does not yet know how to live in a city, and in many of our metropolises, the mistakes of the older cities are being repeated. This, as has been shown already, is unnecessary, and it will be the work of the League to collect all the information possible on this subject, and to disseminate it through the newspapers, in bulletins, and by sending out speakers and experts to give definite advice and practical help.

Another branch of work that the League will take up in the shortest possible order is the training of speakers and social workers. Across the border, in the United States, there are many schools of social service. In our own country, there is none. The universities have made no attempt to fill this need. At the present writing there is not a chair of sociology in any Canadian university, while every university of any standing in the United States has one. So far, the Canadian demand for trained social workers has been filled entirely from outside, and chiefly from the United States. In Winnipeg, the playground experts, the associated charities workers and most of the settlement workers were trained in the United States

Not long since, the city of Toronto was looking for a woman to take a responsible position as investigator under a civic department. They could not get one. Nowhere in Canada was a qualified worker found. Nor could they get one in the United States. The capable workers were needed at home. So fast has the profession of social service grown, and so fast, too, has the demand for social service workers increased, that it is now ranked with the three great professions of medicine, theology and law.

Where the intelligent and high-minded young man of 1850 studied for the pulpit, the bar, or the medical profession, he now is likely to go into social service, where he can use all he knows of any of the three traditional professional branches to excellent advantage. And beside him works the intelligent and high-minded young woman who in 1850 had to limit her activities to mending her theologue brother's socks and knitting him worsted comforters. The woman settlement worker, the woman lawyer, the woman judge, the woman constable, the woman gymnasium director, the woman visiting nurse, the woman playground director—all of these have come to stay. In Nova Scotia, several cities have been looking for community secretaries, but have failed to find suitable people with the necessary training. Social engineers are in demand everywhere, but so far we

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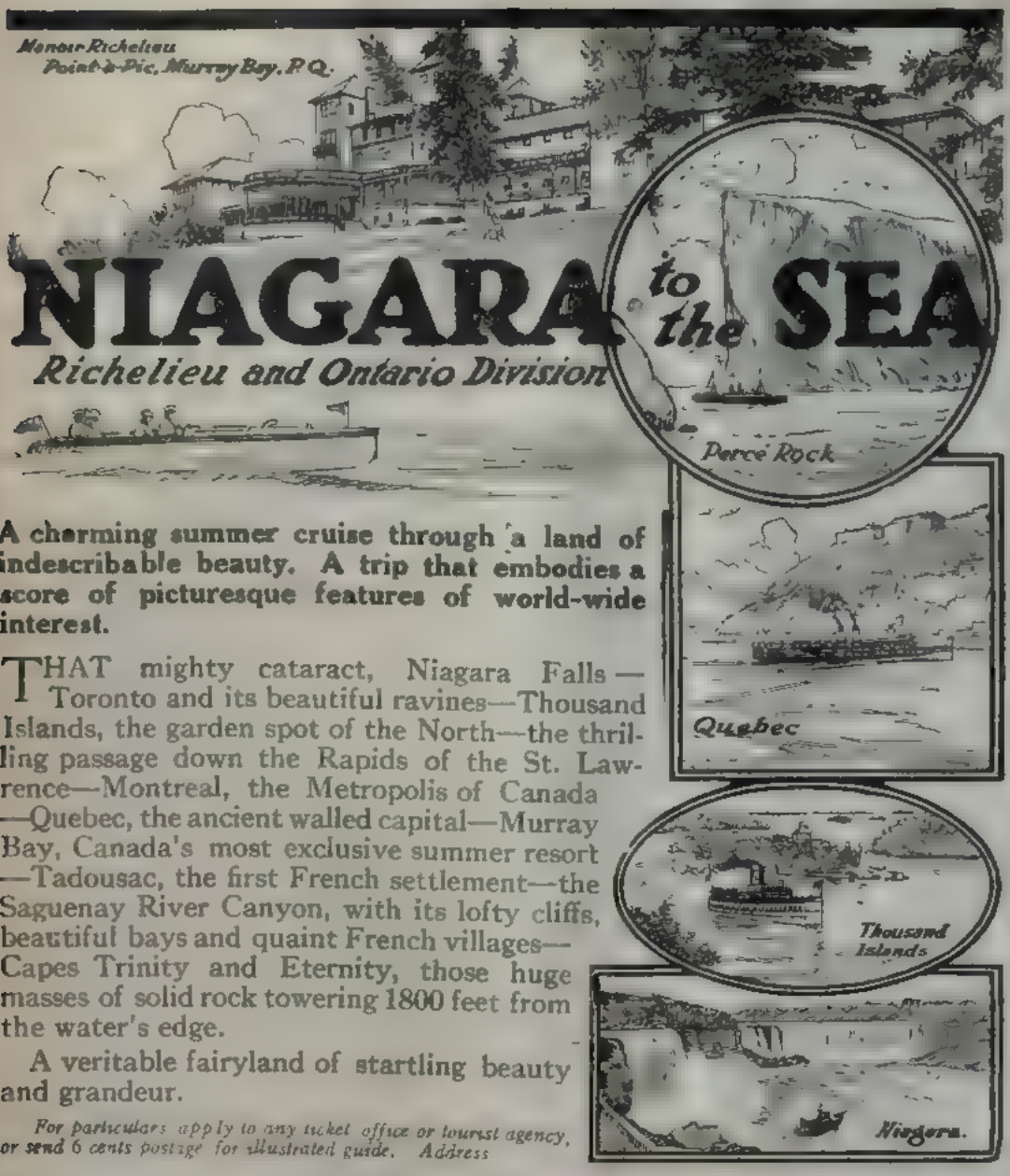

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have had no way to give our young people the necessary training.

It is not the intention of the Canadian Welfare League to organize branches all over Canada. It is the belief of Mr. Woodsworth and those associated with him that there exists already plenty of "machinery." What it needs is the data on which to work. It will be the business of the League to supply the data. The social conscience is awakening in every district. People are beginning to realize that, with changed conditions, methods of work must change, but they do not know what to do. They find themselves surrounded by great barriers built up by past ages, and they realize that such barriers must go, before the melting process can begin.

The chief of these barriers are those of race, religion and language. They are barriers of no mean kind. For example, in all the years of Canada's existence as an undivided nation, the barrier between the English and French has not been broken down.

An English-speaking Canadian said to a French Canadian not long since, "I can take you to whole villages in Manitoba where the children cannot speak English."

The French Canadian retorted, just as fairly, "I can take you to whole villages in Quebec where the children cannot speak French."

Stiff and indomitable, the barrier still stands.

On top of that, there are being sent into the country hundreds and thousands of immigrants, separated both from the English and from the French by the same barriers of race, language, religion, divided into little groups from each other by the same barriers, and too often by the added barriers of old hatreds that should be forgotten in a new land.

Although we urge these immigrants to come, our duty does not end there. We cannot leave newly-arrived Ruthenian villagers in their isolated settlements for three years without a newspaper or a school and then expect them to decide important questions of domestic or foreign policy. We cannot let them organize school districts when they are ignorant of our language and our laws. Yet we do; and then wonder why the experiment fails.

This immense burden imposed on Canada has been a little too much for her. She is big enough, and rich enough, and fine enough to produce and foster one of the world's finest races. But, like all mothers who have so many children they don't know what to do, she is at present kept busy looking after their material needs and hasn't time to get particularly acquainted with her various progeny, or to learn their special needs and difficulties.

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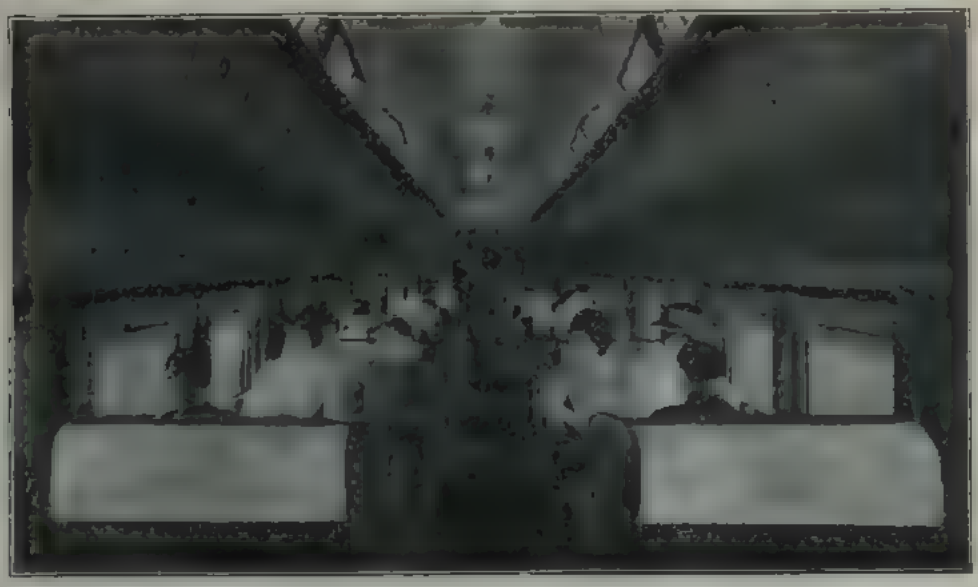

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It will be the business of the League to find out the needs and difficulties of the various peoples who make up Canada to-day, and to awaken in all Canadians that social conscience which will make them helpers in the solution of our common social problems

For example: Mr. Woodsworth was asked to address a young people's society in connection with a church in a small Saskatchewan town. His subject was "The Foreign Problem." In that town there was quite a large foreign section, and the young people wished to help the melting process. However, the closest they had got to it was to set apart one night a year for the study of it, and to ask a man from Winnipeg to tell them about the foreigners

Mr. Woodsworth advised them to call a meeting and invite the foreigners to come and discuss the matter with them

They did so, and to their astonishment they found that the more intelligent of the foreigners were just as anxious as they were themselves to work for a united Canada, aiming at the ideal that had lured them from the homeland—an ideal of freedom and good fellowship for which their fathers had given their lives in vain—an ideal they had dreamed might await them in Canada

The first thing the foreigners in that particular town wanted was a night school, that they might learn to read and write English, and consequently take an intelligent part in the life of their adopted country. Night schools were opened at once. The first break had been made in the line of cleavage, and the melting process had begun.

This is only one of hundreds of cases of social work that is being done under intelligent direction and inspiration. It is only the beginning of a wider outlook on life which will eventually break down the petty barriers of creed, caste, race, speech and politics—those barriers that have so successfully prevented the free development of the race, and realization of the brotherhood of man

To unite Canadians of whatever race, creed or party, to organize them into helpers and promoters of the general welfare, to stimulate work along community lines—these are the objects of the Canadian Welfare League. It stands for no special cause or reform It does not seek establishment of local branches. Through its central office at Winnipeg it merely stands ready to assist any individual or group of individuals seeking to promote the general welfare. Ideally, perhaps, this function could best be performed by a government department, but under present conditions it can be done most effectively by an unofficial agency.

Its location at Winnipeg has been

chosen at the most central point for a Dominion organization. In order to facilitate the transaction of business, the president, secretary and treasurer are all residents of that city, and it was decided that these officers, with the members of the council living in Winnipeg, should constitute the executive The officers are· Dr. J. Halpenny, Winnipeg; A. Chevalier, Montreal; A. T. Cushing, Edmonton; J. H. Brock, Winnipeg, and J. S. Woodsworth, the secretary. Mr. Woodsworth is devoting his whole time to the work of the League, and is its only paid officer With the aid of a stenographer working on part-time, he has already succeeded in compiling a large amount of information on municipal problems and their solutions; and his correspondence is beginning to bulk large. Requests for information on various social topics are constantly being received from social workers all over Canada, and from people engaged in every kind of endeavor. Members of parliament, aldermen, town-planning commissions, playground workers, trustees of technical schools, people interested in consolidated schools, town-planning and improved-housing committees,—all of them come to the League for information, inspiration and help. Already the League's value to Canada is proving itself. Mr. Woodsworth has acted as personal adviser to various young western cities, anxious to "start right," and has done missionary work in the east among city fathers and among university students, many of whom are using as a text his book, "Strangers Within Our Gates."

What the Canadian Welfare League will be in the future, is dependent on the support of Canadian citizens. It starts in life without any endowment or large financial backing, and as the secretary says, "without any strings!" It relies on the voluntary support of public spirited citizens whose social conscience is awake to the need of a united Canada, and the necessity of developing each unit to its fullest advantage

The problems of child welfare, care of immigrants, public health, housing, playgrounds, city planning, philanthropic institutions, industrial organizations, social settlements, rural questions, and the like, are now recognized as not being individual personal problems, but the problems of communities. To-morrow, they will be recognized as the problems of all Canada

Idealism—yes. Of that much-abused and hitherto impractical word they make a banner, flinging it proudly abroad. Practical idealists, with the accent on the *practical*, remember, they have set out to prove that they can make idealism pay. The result is going to be worth watching.

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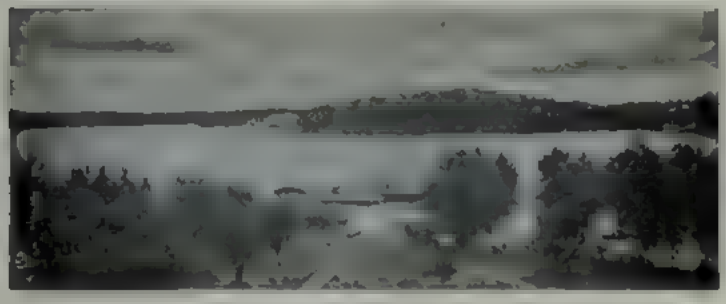

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Seth Snow's First Sermon

Continued from page 172

then; but she had a white dress all trimmed with scallops, and a blue sash and a hat with a wreath and a blue ribbon bow, and she danced along ahead of us like a white butterfly. She's got such a pretty quiet way with her now that you wouldn't believe she was such a little fly-away when she was a baby. But she's got the fly-away in her now, under all her ladylike ways. Daisy never was a milk-and-water girl, and she never will be."

"I can't imagine her as ever being nervous or unduly excited over anything," remarked Lee Weston, with alertness.

"I can,' said Dyce. "Still waters run deep."

Weston looked thoughtful. A most unmatch-making father had effected more than a match-making mother. Weston had visions of the girl in question being troubled in her sweet soul, and his own echoed back that imaginary trouble

Dyce continued. "The road was full of folks going to meeting that day," said he. "Oh, I forgot to say that the Presbyterians in South Atway had thrown in their church bell, because it had a little crack, and they were going to buy a chime anyway. So Seth's bell was ringing for fair.

" 'Just think,' says Arabella, as we walked behind that dancing little girl, 'what would all the Snows that have gone before say if they could hear that bell ringing and could know their house was a meetinghouse.'

" 'I know just what they would have said,' I told her. 'First they would have asked if Seth had got the pews and things at a bargain, then they would have said—for the Snows were all mighty good people—that they were proud and sort of overcome to think that their house that they'd been born and married and lived and died in had been turned into a meeting-house.'

"That was true enough, but I must say when I listened to Seth preaching I was sort of staggered as to what all the bygone Snows would have said. They had been a pretty peaceable set, not willing to let their toes be trod on, especially when money matters were concerned, but always as saving of other folks' feelings as if they had been their own, and to this day I can't quite account for Seth's sermon, for he had always seemed to be a Snow down to the backbone.

"Sometimes I have thought maybe he had a sense of real Christian duty toward his neighbors, and thought he ought to say what he did. It was all

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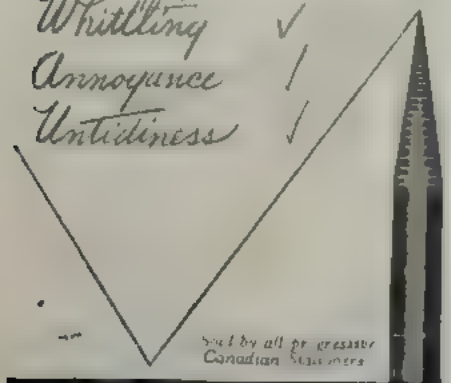

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true enough, though it did put an end to his preaching, and he has never seemed quite the same since. Some folks think he was so disappointed that it loosened a screw in his head. Anyhow, nobody ever heard such a sermon as Seth Snow preached that Sunday.

"There we sat, women folks dressed up and men folks shaved and looking as fine as we could, all pleased with the new meetinghouse and smiling, and Seth, after the singing (he had bought a parlor organ with the other things and Abby Barstow played it and the congregation sang), prayed. We all bent our heads when he begun, but before he had prayed five minutes most of us were staring at him, for he was praying for us. And he prayed as if we needed it awful bad and he thought so, and was sure that the Almighty did. Of course he sort of threw himself in, and said 'us' now and then, but sometimes he didn't and prayed right at us.

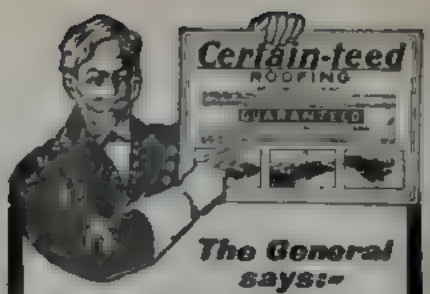
"We had always known, of course, that we had our faults, and might have wanted to think it over a while before we were willing to go into the arena as the early Christian martyrs did and be eaten alive by lions and tigers, with such a mean man as Nero looking on, but we hadn't fairly sensed it that we needed such powerful praying for us at the Throne of Grace. By the time Seth got to 'Amen'—it was a pretty long prayer—we begun to think we wouldn't have stood much chance of escaping hell-fire at all if it hadn't been for such strong praying, and, as it was, he didn't leave us any too sure.

"But the prayer was nothing to the sermon. The text was about the mote in thy brother's eye, and the beam in thy own eye, you know the one I mean. Well, Seth contrived to twist that text around in a fashion I'd never have dreamed of and I don't believe many ministers would. I must say, though I had the same mind as everybody else about his sermon—that it wouldn't do to let him keep on preaching any more like it—I did think he was pretty cute.

"He reasoned it out that after you'd got the beam out of your own eye, then it was time to get at the mote in your neighbor's, and I reckon Seth, he calculated that he'd been working pretty hard at his own particular beam and got his eyes reasonably clear and the time had come to look after the other chap's mote. And he did. He made a mighty good-sized mote out of it; sort of got it mixed up with the beam, I reckon.

"He just lit into everybody in Snow Hill. And he made it real plain. He called names right out, and the worst of it was he did hit the nails on the heads every single time. When he got ready to clean out my mote I was mad enough, but he had me all right.

"He said: 'There's Brother Sam Dyce sitting there in his Sunday clothes, looking clean and shaved and in his right mind and as if he had a clean conscience. But his conscience is not clean to the sight of his fellow men although it may be to his own, because of the mote which obscures his vision. He cannot see, probably, that it is not right to sell bunches of aspar-



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agus with large tender stalks on the outside, while the inside ones are tough and pindling. He cannot see that it is not right, when he is selling a dozen eggs, to pick out as many as he dares of the little ones.'

"He went on that way, and he was right. I was mad, but I had to admit he'd got me. Then he begun on Arabella.

"'There's his wife,' says he, meaning Arabella. 'She's a good woman. I don't doubt that, but she would be a better one if instead of giving her old bonnet to Sister Elmira Slate who hadn't any fit to come to the House of the Lord in, she had worn the old one herself, and given Sister Elmira the new one. Sister Slate is younger than Sister Dyce, and better looking, and a poor widow, and that fine new bonnet might catch somebody's eyes and she might have a chance to get married again, and she would make a good wife. If I were a marrying man myself, and had not consecrated the rest of my life to the service of the Lord in this His Tabernacle, I would not ask for a worthier helpmeet than Sister Slate, and while the fine new bonnet would make no difference to me, we are not all alike, and sometimes it is the fine new bonnet that serves as a spark to kindle the fire of holy matrimonial affection. Sister Dyce is a good woman, but if she had given that new bonnet to Sister Slate, and that new dress all shiny with beads to Sister Atkins, whose dress don't look hardly suitable for this occasion, and worn one of the many others which must be hanging in her closet at home, she would come nearer the shining mark of the Saints of the Lord.'

"Arabella got red in the face, and she prodded me in the side with her elbow so hard she hurt. 'Sam,' says Arabella, 'I'm going home.'

"'You set still,' says I. I don't often go against my wife's wishes, but when I do, I mean it, and Arabella, she sat still though she looked as if she would burst.

"Seth, he didn't have anything to say against poor little Daisy, or wouldn't have had, except she went to sleep. She never heard what he said, and as a matter of fact Arabella and I came in for the worst of that. Seth told us that we were running the risk of the unpardonable sin by letting that poor little baby go to sleep in meeting, and Arabella got madder, but Daisy, she just slept, with her cheeks like roses, and her little yellow curls all over her eyes, and her little legs curled up on the pew cushion. Arabella, she put out her hand to wake up the little thing, but I shook my head at her real fierce

"Well, Seth preached at us all he could think of, and I guess he didn't leave much out. I had always known I had charged a pretty big interest on a mortgage I held on Moses White' house, and it wasn't any news to me to hear it from the pulpit. I had to grin and bear it, if I did see Moses sitting up and looking real proud and injured over across the aisle. But the next minute he got his turn, for Seth, he just lit into him about wasting his money on tobacco and rum, and loafing when he ought to be working, and said that though Brother Dyce was charging exorbitant interest on his mortgage, the money wasn't being spent in such bad ways, for Brother Dyce was working hard at his appointed task, and didn't drink, nor smoke nor chew. Then he wound up by giving both of us a hit, by saying that neither man's fault excused the other, that my sharpness in money matters didn't excuse Moses, and Moses's bad habits didn't excuse me

"Then if he didn't have a fling at Elmira Slate, and say that if she had not been quite so extravagant in years gone by, and had learned as every

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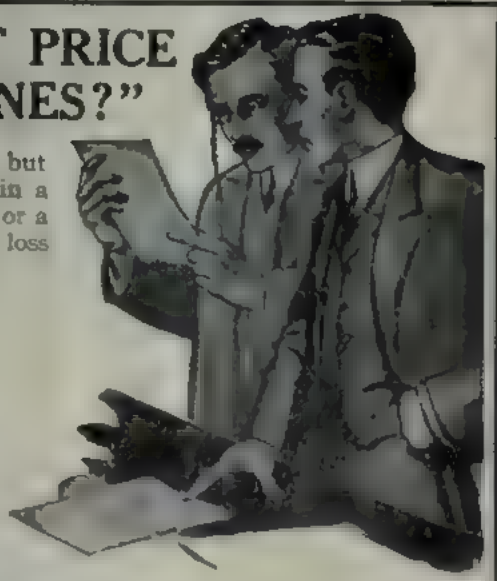

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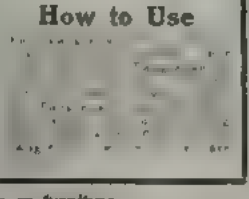

woman should, to make over and cut out clothes for herself she wouldn't need anything given her, and then he said that Sister Atkins had always worn her best clothes too common in all kinds of weather, or she would have looked more suitably attired on that holy day

Well, we sat there and listened Some made a move to go out after they had been trounced, but when they got it through their heads that if they waited they'd see the boot fitted on the other leg, they kept their sitting. When the sermon was done there was more singing, and Seth, he made another prayer. That time it was short. He told the Lord Almighty how he had told us what our shortcomings were, and he hoped He would forgive us if we turned round and did better. I don't mean to be making light of sacred things, but that was really the heft of that prayer. Then Seth, he just said 'Amen,' and sat down on his pulpit sofa, and we went out.

"Seth didn't venture to pronounce a benediction. For all he was so satisfied with himself, I guess he thought that would be going too far. He just said 'Amen,' and sat down, and we went out. There wasn't any hard feelings between us, as we went home along that road. There couldn't be. We'd all been hit too much alike. Some of us was even sort of tickled and laughing, and others were mad, but all with Seth. That was the last sermon he ever preached in Snow Hill.

"The next Sunday he rang his old cracked bell for all he was worth, but everybody in Snow Hill who could go to meeting at all, went to Snow Center. They had had all they wanted of Seth's preaching, and they would have footed it miles in any kind of weather, winter cold or summer heat, rather than sit and listen to another sermon like that. Arabella said she felt as if she had lived through a little of the Day of Judgment, and she didn't want any more sooner than she could help it.

"Well, there was poor Seth Snow with his house turned into a church, and all the pews and the pulpit, to say nothing of the carpet, and the bell, and the parlor organ and the steeple on his hands. It went pretty hard with him

"Then he tried to get rid of his church fixings. He was real lucky about his pews and carpet and parlor organ. He sold the organ at a good figure to a man in Snow Center who wanted it for his new second wife who was young enough to be his daughter. Then the church in Elmville caught fire, and all the inside that wasn't burned was spoiled by smoke and water, and he sold his pews and carpet and made a good profit, but the pulpit and steeple stuck on his hands. Finally

he seemed to feel so wrought up over it I took the pulpit into my store to try to sell it, though I must say folks don't come asking to look at pulpits as a rule, and it was a good deal in my way. But I declare that pulpit was sold within a year, and it was all owing to Seth's sharpness. He hadn't been born a Snow for nothing

"One day he got into a dispute with a stranger in these parts, and Seth, he said he didn't ever bet, it being against his principles, but if he did bet, he'd be willing to lay a good deal that there wasn't a thing in that store of mine in use in the country that couldn't be bought. And that stranger comes walking into my store, and asks for a pulpit, and there it was. It seems he'd told Seth that he'd buy the thing that was in his mind, if I had it, and it turned out to be a pulpit. I always thought Seth had contrived to turn his thoughts that way somehow.

"Seth was pretty cute, even after he'd been so disappointed about his preaching, that folks surmised he wasn't quite right in his head. I've never seen anything wrong myself except for one thing. Seth, he will ring that old cracked bell every single Sunday, and get himself up all ready to preach, though it seems as if he must know nobody will come, and it has been years, for Daisy is 'most twenty, and he's kept it up ever since that Sunday, and he's an old man now."

"He didn't have a chance to sell the steeple?" asked Weston.

"Why, yes, he did, and that was another queer thing. He had a good chance to sell that steeple when the one on the Baptist Church in Snow Center was struck by lightning, but he wouldn't sell. He told me about it. 'Sam,' says he, 'I had a chance to sell my church steeple, but that's one thing I won't part with if it did cost me a pretty penny, and folks think it's thrown away. It ain't thrown away,' says Seth. 'That's one thing that ain't. If I can't preach, that steeple can't set up and show what I meant to do. I meant to point up,' says Seth, 'and I'll think I had it all to point up, Sam.'

"There was something sort of sad about it. He wouldn't sell the steeple, and [illegible] the bell, nobody wanted that.

"He's a queer old man.

"Yes, Seth's pretty old. He is a good deal older than I am. He looks [illegible] He must have been [illegible] a good many years [illegible] Here he's been ever since. He tries to farm a little but he don't make out much. He must get a mighty odd [illegible] But I've always been sorry for Seth. He's a disappointed man. Once he says to me: 'Do you know I only preached [illegible] Sam.'

"Most every one's had a dozen,' I told him. 'Sometimes I've wondered if it didn't. I know I used to [illegible] and I know Woodbridge, Hank Slade, and new members, and I know Seth's wife tried to make over a dress.'

"And I've seen him preached a better sermon to married couples," says Seth.

"Why, you couldn't do that last [illegible] I told him, for you know you can't [illegible] Seth.'

"But he hasn't come to that. It's a pretty hard thing, a pretty hard thing, for a man to be disappointed in everything, but wants to do for other folks, and he [illegible] shocking his head. That won't stay ago."

Weston's eyes had been on the road for the last few seconds, something was approaching [illegible] The young man hanged near Sam Dyer

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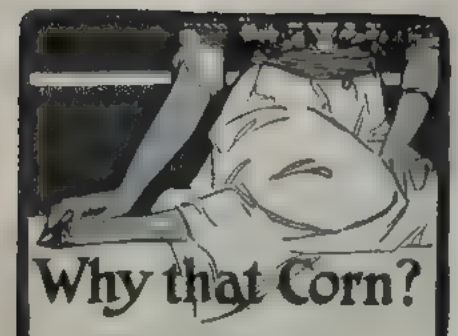

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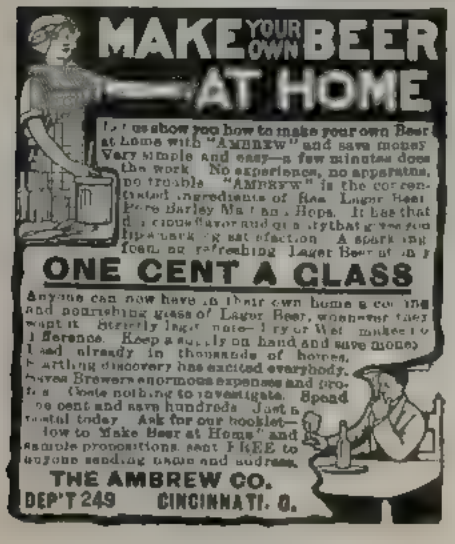

observed him, and a queer little smile twisted his mouth

The little electric car glided up to the house opposite, a large woman got out, and entered, then the car wheeled and approached the store. Becomingly framed in the car's dark hood showed a girl's charming, delicate head and face. She flushed ever so slightly, and smiled at the two men. Weston approached her eagerly and at the same time appeared, as if he had risen from the ground, his coming had been so unobserved, an old man, bent, white-headed, with a face at once shrewd, benevolent, and pathetic. He spoke at once to Weston.

"Well," said he. "I hope now you have come to marry her, and are not intending any further delay."

The girl and the man started. "Now, Seth," said Sam Dyce.

"You need not talk," said the old man. "It is time something was done. Your daughter is as good a girl, and as pretty a girl, as ever lived, Sam Dyce, and she is not going to be hurt. This man has been coming, and coming, and she likes him. As for the other man, her mother is so set on—" The old man made a contemptuous gesture.

Then he spoke with a wonderful, almost uncanny authority. "Stand up beside that girl in the buggy," he ordered Weston, and Weston obeyed.

"Now, do you want to marry that woman, and love her and take care of her, and stand between her and all the troubles of life ?" he said. Weston, white to the lips, bowed.

"Daisy," said Seth Snow, "do you like that man enough to put up with his faults, and be happy ?" Daisy tremblingly bowed.

"Then," said Seth, "I pronounce you man and wife."

Seth walked away, straightening his bowed back.

Sam Dyce spoke first. "See here," he said, "that wasn't legal, you know."

"We can have it made legal easily," said Weston. All at once his uncertainty had vanished. Daisy regarded him and her father with an adorable expression—shy, triumphant, shamed, rapturous

"Well, I never," said Sam. "What will that other fellow do ?"

"He went away this morning, father," said Daisy. "There was another girl, really. He used to go with her. Annie Munson told me, and said she felt dreadfully. I think he will go back to her."

"Never mind him," said Weston. He looked at the girl and she looked at him.

Above the tree tops showed in a clear sharp triangle Seth Snow's church steeple. Presently there pealed out in a dissonant jangle his cracked bell. But since all discords may become harmonious under some circumstances, that old Sabbath bell rang out for the two lovers a chime of prophecy of endless happiness.

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Marbles for Keeps

Continued from page 168

the latch, followed by the closing of the door. I resolved that I would find out what he was trying to do, and had just time to turn out my light and

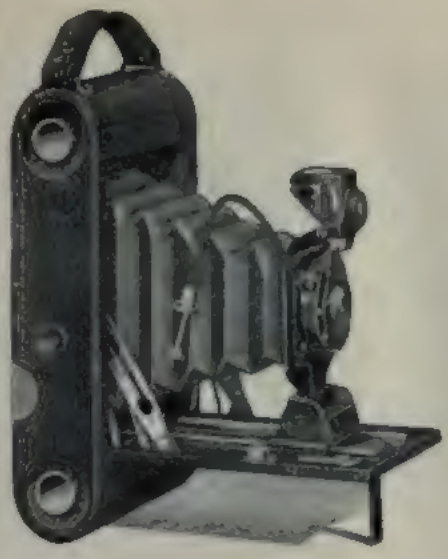
open the door when I saw his little pajama-clad figure disappear into his brothers' room and close the door behind him. I was frightened and anxious in a minute, thinking, that he was walking in his sleep, in consequence of an empty stomach and the agitations of the day.

I ran hastily to another door that opened into the boys' room and, standing behind the curtain, saw John, in the full possession of his faculties, carefully empty his marbles on the bed of one of the sleeping rogues, take down their two marble bags, place them, opened, on the bed and begin to count off his marbles into them, deliberating over each, in order to make no mistake. Twisting and weighing his beloved red bowler in one plump hand, placing the green agate shooter in one last position of attack, he counted them off, with little intermittent sobs, into the yawning bags until they were all gone. I saw him then try hard to draw the string of Jerry's bag over the overflow and, at length, decide to lay the handful on the bed. He smoothed out his empty marble bag on the counterpane and folded it with elaborate care.

He had evidently cried it out, for very little sobs came at regular intervals,—not heart-rending ones like those of the afternoon, but quiet little resigned ones,—the after-shower of the storm.

"You will have heart-aches always, Little Sir," was my mental comment, behind the curtain, "because you take life too seriously."

But, oh ! why, do you shut me out ! I felt a sudden maternal yearning for the little misunderstood creature, impossible to explain till every move he made caused my heartstrings to respond with a jerk. I looked at the cherubic outlines of his little figure,—round head, round eyes, apple cheeks, pug nose, dimpled chin and rose-bud mouth—that happy combination of features was never made for grief. But he only fitted the neat square of the marble bag into his pajama pocket and disappeared into the gathering darkness. His account was settled.



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The Woman Of It

Continued from page 181.

"You have something to say to me ?"

"Yes," she said again and then a sob broke from her.

He turned away at this—he knew that she suffered and the thought of it drove him mad.

"What is it, Valerie ?" he asked gently, coming a little nearer.

"I cannot bear this any longer," she said, and covered her face with her hands.

"What is it you cannot bear ?" he asked with characteristic directness. "I cannot bear to have you here—it is killing me !" She dropped her hands from her face, "Killing me," she repeated. "No, it is not doing that ! I wish it would—but it tortures me, I cannot bear it."

"How did you happen to be here, Valerie ?" he asked gravely.

"Oh, I overheard you at breakfast." She laughed mirthlessly. "Yes, I came out here and waylaid you—it's even come to that with me !"

Her words stung him. Valerie's proud head in the dust was a pitiful thing.

"Dear," he said gently, "you must go back to the house. I'll wait here for the shooting party to come up."

"You," she said with indescribable bitterness, "you don't care !"

He made no answer and she went on, "It is this that hurts me too—this knowledge that I have given you my whole heart and that it means nothing

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to you! I am a woman who counts for nothing in your life!"

He made no disclaimer and she went on hotly, "I am a fool, a fool! I love you despite it all! I believe that I, who was so proud, would grovel for the least sign that you loved me!"

"Don't, Valerie," he said chokingly, "you hurt me!"

She looked up at him doubtfully and saw that he was very pale. "My darling," she said very gently, "am I doing you an injustice?"

"Don't," he said again between his teeth. "Valerie! Do you think I can stand everything?"

"I don't know." She panted a little. "I seem to have lost my balance—to have lost everything! There is just one thing, you must tell me, Robert, and that is—do you love me? Can you love? Is there room anywhere in you for love? Sometimes, I seem as if I had only touched the outer crust of you! I have never penetrated into your heart! You care more for your voice, for your music, than for me!"

He had come nearer to her and she could see that he was trembling in the grip of a passion too strong for repression.

"Valerie!" he said and in another moment, he had taken her into his arms, had crushed her to him and was kissing her, holding her close to him. It was the primitive, always convincing way, of man making woman feel that he cares; and for a moment, she said nothing, could say nothing, carried away by the tide of a passion that she could not, or would not, have stemmed.

Then he loosed her quite suddenly. "I have been a traitor to-day," he said. "But, Valerie, I swear it—it shall never be again!"

She laughed—a round laughter, that just meant joy and nothing else. "My dear, my dear," she said, "it has meant all the world to me!"

"Why?" he said—he had loosed her and stood looking at her.

"Why—because now I know that you love me and no one else!"

"Love you! Love you! do you mean that you honestly doubted it for one moment of your life? I did not dream you would!"

"I thought you had forgotten—when I saw you with Dolly Brent—"

"With Dolly Brent!" His voice was full of contempt.

"Yes, why not? She is pretty and she would love you—she looks at you with adoring eyes! Dear, I could not bear it! I was mad with jealousy!"

"Look here," he said, and he spoke almost roughly, "I would have you remember that the Dolly Brents and their kind are nothing to me—you are the only woman who counts—it will never be anything but you—"

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"Robert!" Her voice had a ring of triumph in it.

"I thought you knew this," he said. "I shall never see you again, except by chance, Valerie—for Denzil is the man I love as you are the woman! I don't think I was made for domestic joys, you see! I remember too well what my mother suffered—and as far as my art goes, it is enough that I should know what love really means. When I sing a love-song, it is to you that I sing it, whether you are there or not—you are always there for me!

that satisfies me, Valerie! I can love you, and I can strut about a stage and sing! You don't know what that means to me!"

"No, I don't," said the girl, a note of sadness dulling the joy in her voice. "I don't! I have not the artist soul, Robert,—and you have!"

"You have the very innermost part of me! You sit on the throne of my heart and there is no one who can crawl up to its steps even! And because I have put you there, you must always and will always do whatever is queenly. Valerie, I should not have kissed you! I am sorry, dear!"

"I am not," she said fiercely. "I am just a woman, not an artist, and when you kissed me as you did, you—" she turned her face from him.

"What did I do?" he asked.

"You made me know that you cared—it was all that I wanted to know," she added humbly.

He gave a little impatient laugh. "That I cared," he said, and looked at her.

The twilight was falling and yet he could see the color of her eyes and the charming, crimson mouth. In the golden of the foliage it seemed as if her face was surrounded by lambent flames. And the color gave to her expression an intensity, a burning force that impressed itself on him.

"You must go now, Valerie," he said, his voice strangely quiet, "I will not have you talked about."

"No, dear," she said and turning away walked out of the beechwood and slowly homewards.

He stood for a few moments and thought. It was all intensely still. Not an air was stirring. Only the breath of King Frost was hovering over the moist lands. A new-born moon was lying on its back in the clear motionless air. The color had faded out of everything and a great melancholy seized the young man. It seemed to him as if he did not care to move, to think. It came to him that life was poignantly, unbearably sad—he wanted—oh, if he would not say to himself, that what he wanted was the warm clasp of the human hand, the love which he had declared so vehemently need never have a material realization!

As he stood there, his quick ear heard the soft breaking of branches, the furtive sound of some one or something trying to make his or its way out of the beechwood. He listened for a moment and the sounds grew fainter.

But they had been there—they had come from quite near to the place where he had clasped Valerie to him, in that moment of madness which he had regretted. Some one might have been a spectator of the whole interview. Some one might have seen him take his friend's sweetheart in his arms! Some one might have heard what he had said to her and she had said to him!

Some one, but who? It mattered everything, that the some one should be one who would not circulate the story—some one who would never let Denzil know!

It might of course only be some one in the village, who would not know Valerie so well by sight, that they would know who she was—it might have been an old woman, come to pick up sticks and leaving furtively because she had no manner of right to do it! It might be all that and yet it might not be. But if it ever came to Denzil's hearing it would break his heart—nothing would ever matter again to him, if he knew!

He stood irresolute for a long time—not knowing whether to go and step out into the avenue or to remain where he was. Then suddenly his quick ear detected another noise from afar. It was some of the shooters coming

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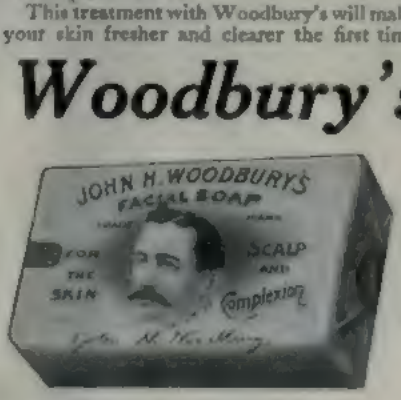

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back from the moors. It would never do for him to be seen loitering there. He stepped out boldly, making up his mind to go and meet them and walk up to the house with them. It was an act of deceit, but deceit did not count in this dilemma. "I would lie and lie to save Denzil," he said to himself. He had walked some forty yards, when the first of the shooting party came up to him. Dolly Brent, looking very tired indeed, was walking beside Colonel Sandays. Perhaps, thought Sinclair a little disdainfully, Dolly's sudden admiration for himself might have the effect of bringing Colonel Sandays to book, but when Dolly saw him she cried out.

"Where have you sprung from?"

"I have just come from beyond the coppice," said he.

"You finished your letters earlier than you thought for?"

He made a wry face. "Better not ask about my letters," he said. The other members of the party now came near. It had grown quite dark.

"Hallo, Sinclair, that is not you?" cried out another voice.

"Why should it not be?" asked Sinclair—he thought that there must be something underlying this surprise.

"Well, I could have betted that I saw you near the inn when we passed a few moments ago. In fact I did bet! I said it was you, who had gone in to get a drink and Sandays said he was sure it was not you!"

"You might have known it was not," said Sinclair. "I have too much regard for my voice to have drinks at all hours of the day!"

"Sandays said he was sure it was an older man, but we could not see his face—he passed us and it was really your walk, Sinclair!"

"Was it?" asked Robert. He felt uneasy—he seemed to connect the appearance of the man who resembled him in some way with the rustling in the trees of the coppice. And suddenly there came to him a thought that filled him with horror. Could it have been his father? Could he possibly have been the spectator of that interview? If so—but he dared not think it—surely, surely, he had not fallen into his father's hands! Surely that blackguard did not hold the secret which would spoil Denzil's life if it ever came to his knowledge. It was quite a minute before he said with a forced laugh. "Anyhow, I do not feel complimented by the kind of man whom you suggest resembles me! I don't frequent inn bars!"

Sandays laughed. "We know that," he said and then the talk drifted into other quarters, but Sinclair felt as if the future depended on the silence of a man whose every word had a price!"

To be continued.